HUDIBRAS.

THE

Third and last PART.

Written by the AUTHOR

OF THE

FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt Part.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO of the Third Part.

The Knight and Squire reſolve, at once,
The one, the other, to renounce;
They both approach the Ladies Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her;
She treats them with a Maſquerade,
By Furies, and Hobgoblins made,
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIs true, no Lover has that Pow'r,
T' enforce a deſperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* t' his *Bow*,
And burns for *Love*, and *Money* too:

For then he's Brave, and Reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his Suit,
H'as all his *Flames* and *Ruptures* double,
And *Hangs* or *Drowns*, with half the trouble.
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And ſteer, againſt the Stream, their paſſions:
Some forge their *Miſtreſſes* of *Stars*,
And when the Ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward, to be won,
Than by *Caligula*, the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the *Stars*, for doing
Ill Offices, to croſs their *Wooing*,
When only by themſelves, they 're hindred,
For truſting *thoſe they made her kindred:*
And ſtill the Harſher, and Hide-bounder,
The Damſels prove, become the Fonder.

For what Mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft, and gentle *Bride* ?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *Purling Streams*, or *Hemp* departed ?
Leap't headlong int' *Elizium*,
Through th' Windows of a *Dazeling Room* ?
But for ſome croſs Ill-natur'd Dame,
The Am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind, ſo much in uſe ;
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his *Amours*,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*,

No ſooner was the bloody Fight,
Between the *Wizard*, and the *Knight*,

With all th' Appurtenances over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover:*
As he was always wont to do,
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe,
And us'd th' only *Antick Philters,*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters.*
But now Triumphant, and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a Conquerour, to meddle
With *Petty Conſtable,* or *Beadle:*
Or fly for Refuge, to the *Hoſteſs*
Of th' Ins of Court, and Chanc'ry, *Juſtice:*
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cauſe
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot Irons have paſt *Bare-handed:*
And if they cannot read one *Verſe*
Ith' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.

He

He therefore judging it, below him.
To tempt a ſhame, the *Devil might owe him*,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To anſwer, with his Veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal,
He thought it now the fitteſt juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter;
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt, o're the *fierce Magician*.
Deſcribe the manner of the Fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away.
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows, and Weight;
All which might probably, ſucceed,
And gain belief, h' had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd to enforce, and ſpare,
No pawning of his Soul, to ſwear;

But rather than produce his Back,
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack:
And in purſuance of his urging,
Of Articles perform'd, and ſcourging:
And all things elſe, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his embraces.

Thought he, the Ancient *Errant Knights*,
Won all their Ladies Hearts, in *Fights*,
And cut whole Gyants into fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters:
Whoſe ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not *wooe one Combat* more;

The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spaniſh Heroes*, with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls*, and *Ladies fancies:*
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe,
That Widdow's greateſt Herds of Cows,
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quel'd ſo vaſt a *Buffalo?*

Mean while, the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;
Who ſent for a *Strong Detachment*
Of *Beadles*, *Conſtables*, and *Watchmen*;
T' attack the *Cunning-man*, for Plunder
Committed falſly on his Lumber,
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,

Had rifled all his Pokes, and Fobs,
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims*, and *Figgumbobs*;
Which He, by Hook, or Crook, had gather'd;
And for his own Inventions, father'd:
And when they ſhould, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence, enough,
To render neither Halter-proof.
He thought it deſperate, to tarry,
And venture to be *Acceſſary*:
But rather wiſely ſlip his Fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his *Betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him, that day;
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the *Riding Diſpenſation*:

And therefore much about th' hour,
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd, to leave him, to the Fury.
Of *Juſtice*, and an *unpackt Fury*:
The *Squire* concur'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame Trim.
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out:
His firm, and ſtedfaſt Reſolution,
To ſwear her to an *Execution*:
To pawn his inward Ears, to marry her,
And Bribe the Dev'l himſelf to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any Proſperous *Arms-Bearing*,

To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other *Couſin-German Saint*.
But e'r the Knight could do his Part,
The Squire had got ſo much the Start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand:
Juſt as he finiſh'd his Report.
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taken time, for both to ſtale:
He put his Band, and Beard in Order,
The Sprucer, to accoſt, and board her.
And now began t' approach the Door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of ſight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring *After Longees*
Of *humble*, and *ſubmiſſive Congees*,

And all *Due Ceremonies* paid,
He ſtroak'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid,
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoo-tye.
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Preſent, you'l be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo, *The thing's* done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance, at your gentle Hand:
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your part
As I have done mine, to my ſmart,
With that he ſhrug'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake:
But ſhe who well enough, knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery, of what he mean'd:

And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions, *leſs profound.*
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much, I've ſuffer'd for your Love:
Which (like your *Votary*) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd skin:
And for thoſe meritorious Laſhes,
To claim your favour, and good Graces.
Quoth ſhe, I do remember, once
I freed you, from th' Inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th' *good Behaviour*,
And for my Sake, and Service, vow'd,
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a ſcruple, prove,
As other Knights do oft make love:
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns your ſelf, not me, to know.

But if you have, I ſhall confeſs
Y'are honeſter, than I could gueſs;
Quoth he, if you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it, but by Oath;
And if you make a queſtion on't:
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
And he that makes his Soul, his Surety,
I think, does give the beſt ſecurity.
Quoth ſhe, ſome ſay, the *Soul's ſecure*,
Againſt Diſtreſs, and *Forfeiture*;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution, and Contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other world, 's illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For moſt Men carry things ſo even
Between this *World*, and *Hell*, and *Heaven*;

With-

Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together:
And equally abhor to quit
This *World*, for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn, and damn their Souls,
They are but *Pris'ners* on *Parols*.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational
They may be accomptable, in all;
For when there is that intercourſe,
Between *Divine, and Humane Pow'rs*;
That all that we determine here,
Commands Obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted,
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed,
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage paſt:
For Oaths are th' only *Teſts*, and *Scales*,
Of *Right*, and *Wrong*, and *True*, and *Falſe*,

And

And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law, and Juſtice by.
Quoth She, what is it you would Swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are underſtood, all Tales
(Like Nonſenſe) are not *True*, nor *Falſe*.
Quoth he, when I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day;
And to perform my Exerciſe,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes:
T' avoid all Scruples in the Caſe,
I went to do't upon the Place:
But as the *Caſtle* is inchanted,
By *Sidrophel the Witch*, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire, and me, for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,

I heard a Formidable Noiſe
Loud as the *Stentrophonick Voice.*
That Roar'd far off; *Diſpatch and Strip,*
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin:
Th' haſt broke perfidiouſly thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth:
But ſpar'd thy Renegado Back.
Where th' hadſt ſo great a Prize at Stake.
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Flea.
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte,
Time is, Time was, and there it ceas'd.
With which though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' Horror of the thing was leſs;
Than th' other Diſmal apprehenſion,
Of *Interruption* or *Prevention.*

And therefore ſnatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my back, a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no Fleſh, and Blood,
To make my Word, and Honour good?
Till tyr'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the *Blows*, ſtill ply'd as firſt,
As if th' had been by *Lovers* Plac'd,
In *Raptures of Platonique Laſhing*,
And *chaſt Contemplative Bardaſhing*.
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard, and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And the Under-witch his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies) Arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd:
In haſte, I ſnatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their Helliſh Rage a ſtop.

Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Couragiously, on *Sidrophel*.
Who now transform'd himself to a Bear,
Began to Roar aloud, and tear,
When I as furiously prest on,
My weapon down his Throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a Goose:
Div'd under *Water*, in a Pond,
To hide himself from being found:
In vain I sought him, but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone;
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
His *Under Sorcerer* t' ingage;
But bravely Scorning to defile,
My Sword with feeble blood, and vile;
I judg'd it better from a *Quick-Set-Hedge* to cut a knotted Stick,

With which, I furiouſly laid on,
Till in a Harſh and Doleful tone,
It Roar'd, *Oh hold for pity Sir,*
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been b' a Witch,
But conjur'd into a worſe Caprich,
Who ſends me out, on many a Faunt,
Old Houſes in the Night to haunt:
For opportunities t' Improve
Deſigns of Thievery or Love:
With Drugs convey'd in Drink, or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit,
Kill Pigs, and Geeſe with Poudered Glaſs,
And make it for Inchantments Paſs.
With Cowitch meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper,
Make Leachers, and their Punks with Dewtry,
Commit Phantaſtical Advowtry,

Bewitch Hermetique-men to Run
Stark ſtaring mad with Manicon,
Believe Mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in Potoſi;
And ſillier than the Antick Fools:
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Cools:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures
To Quack of Univerſal Cures:
With Figures ground on Pains of Glaſs,
Make People on their Heads to paſs;
And mighty heaps of Coyn increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in Fools whoſe Nat'ral Itches,
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs Delinquent have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,

Which

Which others for Cravats have worn,
About their Necks, and took a Turn:
I pity'd the ſad Puniſhment,
The *wretched Caitiffe* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones,
Too great an honour for *Pultrones;*
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From Paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh and cut to pieces,
Do all with civileſt addreſſes;
Their Horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow:
I therefore Spar'd his Fleſh, and Preſt him
About the Witch with man' a Queſtion.
Quoth he, *For many years he drove*
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employed in all th' Intrigues and Truſt,
Of feeble Speculative Luſt:

Procurer to th' Extravagancy,
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy;
By thoſe the Devil had forſook
As things below him, to provoke,
But b'ing a virtuoſo, able
To Smatter, Quack, and Cant, and Dabble,
He held his Talent moſt Adroyt
For any Myſtical Exploit:
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One;
For one Predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons, of plain downright Bauds:
But as an Elf (the Devils Valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get,
For thoſe that do his Buſineſs beſt,
In Hell, are us'd the Ruggeddeſt:
Before ſo meriting a Perſon
Could get a Grant, but in Reverſion:

He

He ſerv'd two Prentiſhips and longer,
I' th' Myſt'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as ſome write) A Witches Ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the Body loos'd,
Becomes a Puiney-Imp it ſelf,
And is another Witches Elf.
He after ſearching far and near.
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd before hand,
And after Hanging, entertain'd:
Since which, H' has playd a thouſand Feats,
And Practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himſelf, to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or Pharaoh's *Wizards could their Switches:*
And all with whom H' has had to do,
Turn'd to as Monſtrous Figures too.

Witneſs my ſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this Beaſtly ſhape Reduc'd;
By feeding me on Beans, and Peaſe,
He Cram's in Naſty Creviſes,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me reliſh for Diſſerts,
And one by one with Shame and Fear,
Lick up the Candid Provender.
Beſide —— But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Carier,
And told him, Now 'twas time to hear;
If half thoſe things (ſaid ſhe) be true,
(Th' are all (Quoth he) I ſwear by you:)
Why then (ſaid ſhe) that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to the Pit of Hell:
Who mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,

In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (I'm ſure) at moſt,
Who told all you ſwear, and ſay,
Quite contrary another way:
Vow'd, that you came to him to know
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hired him, and his Imps,
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' ingage the Devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like Proſerpine) *your Bride.*
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a Deſign and Baſe,
You fell to vapouring and Huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin,
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruiſe and deſperate wound.

In

Swore

Swore you had broke, and Rob'd his Houſe,
And ſtole his Taliſmanique Louſe,
And all his New-found Old Inventions
With Flat Felonious Intentions:
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for, and Paid.
His Flea, his Morpion, and Puneſe,
H' had gotten for his Proper eaſe,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' Ableſt Artiſts of the Trade:
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt:
And altogether, might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got ſufficient warrant,
To ſeize the Malefactors Errant;
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Carts, or Horſes Tail:

And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches:
Which modern Vertuoſo's ſay,
Incline to Hanging every way.
Beſide he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That e're he went in Queſt of you.
He ſet a Figure to Diſcover
If you were fled to Rye, *or* Dover,
And found it clear that to betray
Your ſelves and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere, hereabout.
He vow'd h' had had Intelligence,
Of all that paſt before, and ſince:
And found, that e're you came to him,
Y' had been Ingaging Life and Limb,
About a caſe of tender Conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own Senſe:

Till Ralpho *by his Light, and Grace,*
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Caſe:
And prov'd that you might ſwear, and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done:
For which moſt baſely to requite
The Service of his Gifts, and Light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him, by main force,
To ſcourge his Ribs inſtead of yours,
But that he ſtood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd,
For which between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' Outſide of his eyes, to white,
(As men of Inward light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know,
What he had done, and meant to do:

Held

Held up his *Affidavit hand*,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Caſt t'wards the Door a Ghaſtly look,
In Dread of *Sidrophel*, and ſpoke,
Madam, if but one word be true,
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle Circumſtance,
In all th' Apocryphal Romance:
May dreadful Earthquakes ſwallow down,
This Veſſel, that is all your own:
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover,
Theſe Relicks of your Conſtant Lover:
You have provided well, quoth She,
(I thank you) for your ſelf and me:
And ſhewn your *Presbyterian* wits,
Jump punctual with the *Jeſuits*.
A moſt compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the *World*, the *Devil*,

And *Heaven* and *Hell*, *your Selves* and *Thoſe*,
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then (Quoth He) may *Hell ſurprize*
That trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice,
I've learn' how far I'm to believe
Your Pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove than downright Swearing,
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are viſible as yet:
Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of Niceſt ſcruples in the Action:
And if you can produce thoſe *Knobs*,
Although th' are but the *Witches* Drubs;
I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your Natural Self had don't.
Provided that they paſs th' Opinion,
Of Able Juries of old Women:

Who us'd to judge all *matt'r of Facts*
For *Bellies*, may do ſo, for *Backs*.

Madam (quoth he) *your Love's a Million,*
To do is leſs, than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my Pow'r,
T' obey what you command, and more?
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much, as if I did:
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds, from taking Air:
For wounds in thoſe that are all Heart,
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth ſhe) my *Goods and Chattles*
Are like to prove, but meer *drawn Battels*;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther of the end.

But granting now, we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word
You paſt in Heaven, on Record.
Where all Contracts, to have, and t'hold,
Are everlaſtingly inrol'd,
And if 'tis counted Treaſon, here
To *race Records*, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, there are no *Bargains driv'n*
Nor *Marriages* clap'd up in *Heaven*,
And that's the reaſon as ſome gueſs,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages:
Two things, that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe:
Their bus'neſs there is only *Love*
Which Marriage is not like t'improve.
Love, that's too generous, t'abide
To be againſt its Nature, ty'd:

For

For where 'tis of it ſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe, when it is confin'd:
And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the Air;
Diſdains, againſt its will, to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away.
And therefore, never can comply,
T' indure the Matrimonial tye:
That binds the Female, and the Male,
Where th' one is but the others Bail.
Like Roman Gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the Priſoners they kept.
Of which the True, and *Faithful'ſt* Lover
Gives beſt ſecurity, to *ſuffer*.

Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That *carries double in foul way*,

And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tyr'd:
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two Part'ners in a *Trade*,
(For what's infer'd by *T' have, and t' hold*,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That as it makes *but one, of two*,
Reduces all things elſe, as low:
And at the beſt is but a *Mart*
Between the one, and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or, hour of Death, the Bet it laid:
And all the reſt of *Bett'r or worſe*
Both are but loſers, out of Purſe.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail *themſelves*, and all that's *theirs*,
What blinder Bargain e're was driven.
Or Wager laid at *ſix and ſeven*?

To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants, e're th' are born?
Beg one another *Idiot*,
To *Guardians* e're they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' *Implicite Generation*,
And *General Club* of all the Nation;
For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the Iſland, with *four Seas*:
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r
In ready Inſolence, and Pow'r;
And makes him paſs away, to *Have*
And *Hold*, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,
More wretched than an *Ancient Villain*,
Condemn'd to *Drudgery*, and *Tilling*,
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to juſtifie;

Nor at her proper coſt, and charge,
Maintain the Feats, he does at large.
Such hideous Sots, were *thoſe obedient*
Old Vaſſals, to their *Ladies Regent*;
To give the Cheats, the *Eldeſt hand*
In *Foul Play*, by the Laws o'th Land,
For which ſo many a *legal cuckold*
Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.

A Law that moſt unjuſtly yokes,
All *Johns* of *Stiles*, to *Joans* of *Nokes*,
Without diſtinction of degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality,
Admits no *Pow'r* of *Revocation*,
Nor *valuable Conſideration*,
Nor *Writ* of *Error*, *nor Reverſe*,
Of *Judgement* paſt, *For better*, *or worſe*.

Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggers challenge under Hedges,
Who when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horſes
Their Spiritual Judges of *Divorces*;
While nothing elſe, but *Rem* in *Re*,
Can ſet the proudeſt Wretches free.
A ſlavery, beyond induring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring,
As Spiders never ſeek the Fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply:
So men are by themſelves betray'd,
To quit the freedom, they injoy'd,
And Run their Necks into a Nooſe,
They'ld break 'em after, to break looſe.
As ſome, whom *Death would not depart*,
Have done the Feat themſelves, by Art.
Like *Indian Widdows*, gone to Bed,
In *Flaming Curtains*, to the Dead,

And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.

Nor do the Ladies want excuſe,
For all the *Stratagems* they uſe.
To gain th' advantage of *the Set*,
And lurch the Amorous Rook, and Cheat,
For as a *Pythagorean Soul*,
Runs through all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a ſmack of ev'ry one:
So Love do's, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ere ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the *Vagabond*.
'Tis but an Ague, that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with cold, as much,
As Ir'n in *Greenland*, does the touch,

Melts

Melts in the Furnace of deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the *Ice of Fire*,
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard, and frail a Lover,
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd, and Cock'd by *Miſs*, or *Madam*,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoyl:
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a *ſep'rate maintenance*,
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Truſt none again, 'till th' have *made over*;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geeſe they carry:
And e're they venture o're a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves, and them.

Whence

Whence witty'ſt Ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavyeſt Gooſe.
For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt, on tick, t' Amours,
The *Croſs*, and *Pile*, for *Bett'r* or *Worſe* ;
A Mode, that is held honourable,
As well as French and faſhionable.
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt ;
In Soul, and Body too, unite,
To make up one *Hermaphrodite* ;
Still Amorous, and fond, and Billing,
Like *Philip*, and *Mary*, *on a Shilling* ;
Th' have more Punctilio's, and Capriches
Between th' Petticoat, and Breeches,
More potulant extravagancies,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances.

Though,

Though, when *their Heroes, 'ſpouſe the Dames,*
We hear no more of *Charms*, and *Flames*:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager, as *Prick'd Wine.*
And all their Catterwauling tricks,
In earneſt, to as jealous Piques,
Which th' Ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
By th' *yellow Manto's* of the Bride.
For jealouſie is but a kind
Of *Clap*, and *Grincam* of the mind,
The Natural effect of Love,
As other Flames, and Aches prove;
But all the miſchief is, the doubt,
On whoſe account, they firſt broke out:
For though *Chineſes* go to Bed,
And lye in, in their Ladies ſtead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd, and pamper'd to do more:

Our *Green-men* do it worſe, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a Clap,
Both lay the Child to one another,
But who's the *Father*, who the *Mother*,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the *French Goods*:
But Health, and Sickneſs, b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own;
And are not with their Bodies bound,
To Worſhip, only when th' art ſound.
Both give, and take their equal ſhares,
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares:
A Fate, no Lover can divert
With all his caution, Wit, and Art,
For 'tis in vain, to think to gueſs
At Women, by *Appearances*,
That Paint, and Patch their *Imperfections*
Of *Intellectual Complexions*:

And

And daub their Tempers o're, *with Waſhes*,
As Artificial, as their Faces:
Wear, under Vizard-Masks, *their Talents*
And Mother Wits, before their Gallants;
Until th' are hampered in the Nooze,
Too faſt, to dream of breaking looſe.
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-clothes undreſſes
Her Complaiſance, and Gentileſſes;
Try's all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government, from th' eaſie owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his *Having, and his Holding*,
Reduc'd t' Eternal *Noiſe*, and *Scolding*,
The *Conjugal Petard*, that tears
Down all *Portcullices of Ears*,

And makes the Volly of one Tongue,
For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong;
When only arm'd with Noiſe, and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males.
Transform 'em into Rams, and Goats,
Like *Syrens* with their charming Notes:
Sweet as the Screech-Owl's *Serenade*,
Or thoſe inchanting murmurs made
By th' Husband *Mandrake*, and the *Wife*;
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.

Quoth he, theſe Reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their *Wit*, or *Drink*;
Do rather wheedle with, than think:
Man was not Man, in *Paradiſe*,
Untill he was Created twice,

And had his better half, his *Bride*,
Carv'd from th' Original, his ſide.
T' amend his Natural defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and leſſen
The *Pains and labour of increaſing*,
By changing them, for other cares,
As by his *dry'd-up Paps* appears.
His Body, that ſtupendious Frame
Of all the World *The Anagram*,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape, and Symmetry, exact.
Of which the Left, and Female ſide,
Is to the Manly Right, a Bride,
Both joyn'd together, with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part:
Thoſe Heavenly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,

That

That dazle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies Tawny:
Thoſe Raviſhing, and charming Graces,
Are all made up, of *two Half Faces*,
That in a *Mathematick Line*,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, joyn.
Of which if either grew alone
'Twould fright as much, to look upon:
And ſo would that *ſweet Bud, your Lip*,
Without the others fellowſhip.
Our Nobleſt Senſes act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to ſee, to hear, two Ears,
Th' Intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd,
But thoſe, that ſerve the Body alone,
Are ſingle and confin'd to one:
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' Æquinoctial, fit;

And ſo are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd *with her ſignature*, on matter:
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How intirely *Marriage* is her care,
The only method that ſhe uſes,
In all the wonders ſhe produces,
And thoſe that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err,
For what ſecures the *Civil Life*
But pawns of *Children, and a Wife?*
That lie, like *Hoſtages*, at ſtake,
To pay for all, Men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born, and breath, to marry,
So Univerſal, all Mankind
In nothing elſe, is of one mind:

For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion?
Unleſs among the *Amazons*,
Or *Veſtal Fryers*, and *Cloyſter'd Nuns*,
Or *Stoicks*, who to bar the *Freaks*,
And looſe Exceſſes of the *Sex*;
Prepoſtrouſly would have all Women,
Turn'd up, to all the World, in common:
Though Men would find ſuch mortal *Fewds*,
In ſharing of their *publick Goods*,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Then th' are ſupply'd with now, by Wives.
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beaſts do, of their *Native Growths*,
For ſimple wearing of their *Horns*,
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend to inherit,
Unleſs the *Marriage-deed* will bear it?

Could

Could claim no Right to Lands, or Rents.
But for our Parents ſettlements:
Had been but younger *Sons o'th' Earth*,
Debar'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Eſtates of *Peers*
Could be preſerv'd but by their Heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their Right, and Title, but the *Banes*?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greateſt *Monarchs did not marry?*
And with their *Conſorts*, conſummate
Their weightyeſt *Intereſts of State*
For all the Amours of Princes, are
But *Guarranties* of Peace, or war.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The *Rage of Empires* to diſarm?
Make Blood, and Deſolation ceaſe,
And Fire, and Sword, unite in Peace?

When all their fierce conteſts *for Forrage*,
Conclude in Articles of *Marriage*?
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Leſs, for the intereſts of the *Bride*:
Who elſe had not the leaſt Pretence
T' as much, as *Due Benevolence*,
Could no more Title take upon her
To *Virtue*, *Quality*, *and Honour*
Then *Ladies Errant*, unconfin'd,
And *Feme-Coverts* to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The virtuous *Matron*, and the *Miſs*.
The Nymphs of *chaſt Diana's Train*,
The ſame with thoſe in *Lewkners-lane*:
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt *Wives*, and *Ladies of the Lakes*.
Beſides the joys of *Place*, and *Birth*,
The Sexe: *Paradiſe on Earth*,

A priviledge ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield,
But rather then not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if the Indulgent Law allows,
A greater freedom, to the Spouſe;
The reaſon is, becauſe the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life.
Is truſted with the *Form*, and *Matter*
Of all Mankind, by careful Nature:
Where Man brings nothing, but the Stuff.
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of.
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the *Clergy of her Belly*,
And make it ſave her, the ſame way,
It ſeldom miſſes to betray.
Unleſs both parties Wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.

And though ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the *Beſt*,
That is no more, then every Lover
Does, from his *Hackney Lady* ſuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith, and Love,
But rather (ſometime) ſerves t' improve.
For as in running, *ev'ry Pace*
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which, both do their uttermoſt,
To get before, and win the *Poſt*:
Yet when th' are at their races ends,
Th' are ſtill as kind, and conſtant friends;
And to releive their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe Allarms of ſtrife,
Between the *Husband*, and the *Wife*:
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of Love:

When thoſe, wh' are always kind, or coy,
In time, muſt either Tire, or Cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt clamours, more
Then as th' are reliſh'd, *Sweet*, or *Sour*,
Like *Muſick*, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours, a Lover burns,
With *Frowns*, as well as *Smiles* by turns,
And hearts have been, as oft, with ſullen,
As charming looks, ſurprized, and ſtollen,
Then why ſhould more bewitching clamour,
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Prayers.
Too ſlight Alloys, for all thoſe grand
Felicities, by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has Pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of Love, perpetual.

An *Act* and *Deed*, that makes one Heart,
Become another's counter-part,
And *paſſes Fines* on Faith and Love
Inrol'd, and Regiſtred above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knot of Vows.
Which nothing elſe but Death can looſe;
And what ſecurity's too ſtrong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to paſs,
It ſelf away, and all it has:
And, like an *Anchorite*, gives over
This World, for *th' Heaven of a Lover?*

I grant (quoth ſhe) there are ſome few
Who take that courſe, and find it true:
But Millions, whom the ſame does ſentence
To Heaven, b' another way, repentance.

Love's Arrows are but ſhot at Rovers,
Though all they hit, they turn to Lovers,
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than Gameſters, when they play a Set
With greateſt cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight-unſeen.
For what do Lovers, when th' are faſt
In one another's Arms imbrac't;
But ſtrive, to plunder; and convey
Each other, *like a Prize*, away!
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking Children are, by *Elves*?
And if they uſe their *Perſons* ſo,
What will they to their *Fortunes* do?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Extaſies, and Flames:

For when the Money's on the Book,
And *all my Worldly Goods*——but ſpoke;
(The Formal *Livery*, *and Seaſin*,
That puts a Lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a ſlam, that's ſuperſeded
To that, their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths, to us they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left, we can call ours.
Our Money's now become the *Miſs*,
Of all your *Lives*, and *Services*:
And we forſaken, and Poſtpon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
(As we had been) for *New Amours*.

For what did ever *Heireſs* yet
By being born to *Lordſhips*, get?
When the more *Ladies ſh' is of Mannors*,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects, and Deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction Fines.
And does but tempt them, with her Riches,
To uſe her, as the Dev'l does Witches,
Who takes it for a ſpecial Grace,
To be their Cully for a ſpace,
That when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever, may become his Vaſſals.
So ſhe bewitch'd by *Rooks*, and *Spirits*,
Betrays her ſelf, and all ſh' inherits
Is bought and ſold, like ſtollen goods,
By *Pimps*, and *Match-makers*, and *Bawds*:
Until they force her to convey,
And ſteal the Thief himſelf away.

Theſe are the Everlaſting Fruits
Of all your paſſionate Love-ſuits,
The effects of all your *amorous Fancies*,
To *Portions*, and *Inheritances*.
Your Love-ſick Raptures, *for Fruition*
Of Dowry, Joynture, and Tuition;
To which you make Addreſs, and Courtſhip,
And with your Bodies, ſtrive to Worſhip:
That th' Infants Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mothers ſake.
For theſe, you play at *Purpoſes*,
And love your Loves, with *A's*, and *B's*,
For theſe, at *Beaſt*, and *L'hombre*, wooe,
And play for *Love*, and *Money* too.
Strive who ſhall be the ableſt Man,
At right *Gallanting of a Fan*:
And who the moſt Gentilely breed,
At ſucking of a *Vizard Bead*;

How

How beſt t' accoſt us, in all Quarters
T' our *queſtion* and-*command-New Garters*,
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of Dreſſes, *Pro* and *Con.*
For there's no Myſtery, nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Them *Michaelmas*, and *Lady-day*,
And no way poſſible to do't,
But *Love* and *Oaths*, and *reſtleſs Suit*,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd paſt Amours:
Act o're your *Flames*, and *Darts*, again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which other's influences, long ſince
Have charm'd *your Noſes with*, and *Shins.*
For which the *Surgeon* is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.

Lord

Lord! what an Amorous thing is want,
How *Debts*, and *Mortgages* inchant,
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from *Executions* ſave!
What Charms! that can *reverſe extent*,
And *Null Decree, and Exigent!*
What *Magical Attracts*, and *Graces*
That can redeem from *Scire Facias?*
From Bonds, and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of Courts inlarge?
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all our true, or falſe pretences;
And you would Damn your ſelves, and ſwear,
As much, t' an *Hoſteſs Dowager*;
Grown Fat, and Purſy, by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn.

Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire:
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time, 'twas grown dark, and late,
When th' heard a knocking, at the Gate
Laid on in haſte, with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder, ſtill, and louder:
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd, as freely on his Skin,
Expounded by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick fright,
To be the *Wizard*, come to ſearch,
And take him napping, in the lurch.
Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout.
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:

For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour;
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury, to fly at 'em:
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny, to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was, by his *Furious Quaking*,
Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage! Sir Knight,*
Know I'm reſolv'd to break no Rite
Of *Hoſpitality*, t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here my ſelf ſtand Sentinel,
To guard this Paſs, 'gainſt Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn tail:

And

And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſperat'ſt Attacks.

At this the Knight grew reſolute,
As *Iron-ſide*, or *Hardy-knute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cri'd aloud, to ſally:
But ſhe beſought him, to convey
His courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambuſh on the Floor,
Or fortifi'd behind a Door,
That if the Enemy ſhould enter
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd againſt the door,
As fierce as at the Gate, before,
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright;

He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a *fresh Reserve*,
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute;
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away:
And all h' encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till fear, that braver Feats performs,
Then ever Courage dar'd in Arms:
Had drawn him up, before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and Face.
This he couragiously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd:*
Intrench'd himself as formidable,
As could be, underneath a Table:

Where

Where he lay down in ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes;
Few minutes, had he lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the Rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fanſi'd, th' Enemy had ſtorm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell,
He therefore ſent out all his ſenſes,
To bring him in, Intelligences,
Which Vulgars out of ignorance,
Miſtake, for falling in a Trance:
But thoſe, that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fanſie:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.

Mean while, the Foe beat up his Quarters
And ſtorm'd the out-works of his Fortreſs,
And as another of the ſame
Degree, and Party, in Arms, and Fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe, had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring onely but to thruſt
His head, a Span beyond his Poſt:
B'a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*,
Was drag'd, through a Window by th' Ears.
So he was ſerv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him, at their mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they ſcorn'd to Trade and Barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:

They ſtoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came in t' his aid:
For when a *Man is paſt his Senſe*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears* or *Noſe*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his Neck, a ſturdy Elf
Clap'd in a Trice, his Cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof.
Mortal; *Thou art betraid to us*,
B' our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and Turning Lies,

The *Brethrens Priviledge, (againſt*
The *Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,*
Has here thy wretched Carcaſs ſent,
For juſt Revenge and Puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free Confeſſion,
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladies Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony--?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your *Croney Witches,*
That in return, would pay th' expence,
The *Wear-and-tear* of Conſcience.
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didſt thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldſt th' have us'd her, and her Money?
Firſt, turn'd her up, to Alimony,
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed,
T' have put, of purpoſe, in the Deed.
And bar her Widows-making-over
T' a Friend in Truſt, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chooſe her out?
T' imploy their Sorceries about?
That, which makes Gameſters play with thoſe,
Who have leaſt Wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy Veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thy ſelf to us?
I, ſee you take me for an Aſs,
'Tis true! I thought the Trick would paſs

Upon a Woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof.
Whoſe Humours are not to be won
But when they are Impos'd upon:
For Love approves of all they do,
That ſtand for Candidates, and woo.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Diſguiſe?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble credit to Believe:
A Trick of *Following their Leaders*,
To entertain their *Gentle Readers*.
And we have now no other way
Of Paſſing all we do, or ſay,
Which when 'tis Natural and True,
Will be believ'd b' a very Few.
Beſide the danger of offence
The Fatal enemy of Senſe.

Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed Sin
Hypocriſie, to ſet up in?
Becauſe it is the thrivingſt Calling,
The onely Sts. *Bell* that Rings all in.
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the Eaſieſt to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unleſs th' imploy't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
A *Gift*, that is not onely able
To domineer among the *Rabble*:
But by the Laws impowr'd, to rout
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out.
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near:
For no Sin elſe among the Saints,
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy Plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a Houſe,

And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Indure the Plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more Tricks
Then all our doting Politicks.
That are grown old, and out of Faſhion;
Compar'd with your new Reformation:
That we muſt come to School to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, if you will give me leave
To tell you, what I now perceive,
You'ld find your ſelf an arrant Chouſe,
If y'were but at a *Meeting-Houſe,*
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'r come there,
Becauſe, w' have let them out by th' year.
Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in,
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell,
Were Angels all before they fell:

So you are like to be agen,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy Scholar, in this Myſtery,
And therefore firſt deſire to know,
Some Principles, on which you go;
What makes a Knave, a Child of God,
And one of us? —A Livelyhood.
What renders beating out of Brains,
And murther Godlineſs? — Great Gains.
What's tender Conſcience? —'Tis a Botch,
That will not bear the gentleſt touch,
But breaking out, diſpatches more,
Then th' Epidemical'ſt Plague-Sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? —To be paid.
What's Orthodox, and true Believing
Againſt a Conſcience? —A good Living.

What makes Rebelling againſt Kings?
A Good Old Cauſe? Adminiſtrings.
What makes all Doctrines Plain and Clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again? Two Hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food, and Cloaths.
What Laws, and Freedom, Perſecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean, and Chapter, and White Sleeves?
And what would ſerve if thoſe were gone,
To make it Orthodox? Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt Notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints,
And Wicked too, cry out againſt?

'Cauſe

'Cauſe Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows,
They ſhould be ſuffered to eſpouſe.
For Saints can need no Conſcience
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature onl' and not imputed.
But why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know nor care to do.
What's Liberty of Conſcience,
I'th' Natural and Genuine Senſe?
Tis to reſtore with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient Purity:
And Chriſtian Liberty reduce,
To th' Elder Practice of the *Jews*.
For a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel *had ne'r a Trick,*
(Though he gave his Name to our Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs ith' World, for Holineſs.

This ſaid, the Furies, and the Light,
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whoſe large Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land;
And over moiſt, and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides, at Midnight reigns.

Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed and take her reſt.
When *Hudibras*, whoſe ſtubborn blows
Deni'd his Bones that ſoft repoſe;
Lay ſtill expecting worſe, and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:
And though he ſhut his Eyes as faſt,
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt:
Saw all the ſhapes, that Fear, or Wizards,
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark,
If he could hear too, in the dark;
Was firſt invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
Theſe trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What haſt thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brother-hood o'th' Blade?

By Santring ſtill on ſome Adventure,
And Growing to thy Horſe a Centaur?
To ſtuff thy Skin with ſwelling Knobs,
Of cruel and hard wooded Drubs?
For ſtill th' haſt had the worſt on't yet,
As well in Conqueſt as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To reſt the Body and the Mind.
Which now thou art deni'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him, this Reprimand
Becauſe the Character did hit
Point Blank upon his Caſe ſo fit,
Believ'd it was ſome Drolling Sprite
That ſtaid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of thoſe h' had ſeen and felt,
The Drubs he had ſo freely dealt.

When

When after a ſhort Pauſe and Grone,
The Doleful Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears,
Pelmel together by the Ears.
And after Painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks:
And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory.
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Diſaſters Rallies)
Condemn'd to Whipping but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded,
And at a Riding handled worſe,
With Treats more Slovenly and coarſe.
Ingag'd with Fiends in ſtubborn Wars,
And hot Diſputes with Conjurers.
And when th' hadſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thy ſelf away.

(I ſee, thought he, this Shameleſs Elf,
Would fain ſteal me too from my ſelf)
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done.
And now but vent'ring to betray,
Haſt met with Vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, how does the Devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long ſince:
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous Spy acquaints:
This is ſome Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keepers Friends Friend.
That undertakes to underſtand,
And Juggles at the Second Hand:
And now would paſs for *Spirit Po*,
And all Mens Dark Concerns fore-know.

I think

I think I need not fear him for 't.
These *Rallying Devils do no hurt.*
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And haſtily cri'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (quoth he) whom want of Grace,
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far, I'm ſure, th' art in the Right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſt of me.
Thou art ſome Paltry *Black-Guard Sprite.*
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That haſt no work to do in th' Houſe,
Nor *Half-penny to drop in Shoes,*
Without the Raiſing of which Sum,
You dare not be ſo Troubleſome,
To Pinch the Slatterns black and blew,
For leaving you their Work to do.

This is your buſineſs, Good *Pug Robin*,
And your Diverſion, dull *Dry Bobbing*:
T' intice *Fanaticks* in the Dirt,
And waſh 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry Jeſt you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir (quoth the Voice) *Y'are no ſuch Sophy,*
As You would have the World judge of Ye,
If you deſign to weigh our Talents,
I'th' Standard of Your own falſe Ballance:
Or think it poſſible to know,
Us Ghoſts, as well as we do you.
We, who have been the everlaſting
Companions of Your Drubs and Baſting:

And

And never left you in Conteſt
With Male or Female, Man or Beaſt,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and intire
In all adventures as your Squire.
Quoth he, that may be ſaid as true,
By th'Idleſt *Pug* of all your Crew:
For none could have betraid us worſe,
Then thoſe Allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a Token
To your Low-Countrey *Hogen Mogen*,
To whoſe Infernal Shores I hope
He'l ſwing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more juſt to me,
(As I am apt to think) then he
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected ſay of you:
That have ſpous'd the *Covenant* and *Cauſe*,
By holding up your *Cloven Paws*:

Sir, quoth the Voice, 'Tis true I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other Perj'ries do the Laws:
Which when th're prov'd in open Court,
Wear woodden Peccadillo's for't.
And that's the Reaſon Cov'nanters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I ſee, quoth *Hudibras*, from whence
Theſe Scandals of the Saints commence:
That are but Natural Effects
Of Satan's Malice and his Sects.
Thoſe Spider Saints, that hang by Threds,
Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, *Quoth the Voice, that may as true*
And properly be ſaid of you:
Whoſe Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.

For all the Independents do,
Is onely what you forc'd them to.
You who are not content alone,
With Tricks to put the Devil down:
But muſt have Armies rais'd, to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake.
As if Artillery, and Edge Tools,
Were th' onely Engines to ſave Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
By Force to Run down, and Devour.
Has ne'r a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance.
Is ti'd up onely to deſign,
T' Intice, and Tempt, and Undermine;
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your ſelves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Then mere Temptations of the Devil:

Which all the Horridſt Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Becauſe unleſs you help the Elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore where he's beſt Poſſeſt.
Acts moſt againſt his Intereſt.
Surpriſes none, but thoſe wh' have Prieſts,
To turn him out, and Exorciſts,
Supply'd with Spiritual Proviſion,
And Magazines of Ammunition:
With *Croſſes, Relicks, Crucifixes,*
Beads, Pictures, Roſaries, and Pixes:
The *Tools of working out Salvation,*
By *meer Mechanick Operation,*
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But thoſe, wh' are utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his Entrance if he ſtorm'd,

He

He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt Enemies.
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to Trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures,
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jaylors of the Holes,
And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls.
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys,
T' your Mittimus Anathemacs:
And never Boggle to Reſtore
The Members, you deliver o'r
Upon Demand, with fairer Juſtice,
Then all your Covenanting Truſtees:
Unleſs to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular Pow'rs,
And paſs their Souls, as ſome demiſe,
The ſame Eſtate in Mortgage twice,

When

When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid, that's due,
Diſtrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought He, 'Tis no mean part of Civil,
State-Prudence, to Cajol the Devil,
And not to handle him too Rough,
When h'has us in his Cloven Hoof,
'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourſe
Has paſt between your Friends and ours:
That as you truſt us in our way,
To raiſe your Members, and to lay:
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves or Drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory.

Have

Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts, to further
Your great deſigns of Rage, and Murther.
For if the Saints are Nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good,
And if it were but in our Power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more.
And not be half a Soul behind,
Of all Diſſenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, *And as I ſcorn*
To be ungrateful in return,
Of all thoſe kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Diſtreſs:
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows and the Morn draws on,
When 'tis Decreed I muſt be gone,

And

And if I leave you here till Day,
You'l find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' Inchanted Hero out.
And try'd with haſte to lift him up,
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows,
Receiv'd from hardned hearted Foes:
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like Greſham *Carts*, *with Legs for Wheels.*
But fear that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In danger of Relapſe to worſe;
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge:
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.

And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With ſome few Rubs againſt the Wall:
Where finding out the Poſtern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as ſtrongly block'd;
He attack'd the Window, ſtorm'd the Glaſs,
And in a Moment gain'd the Paſs.
Through which he drag'd the worſted Soldiers,
Fore quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders:
And cautiouſly began to Scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattle out.
Nor was it half a Minutes Queſt,
Ere he retriev'd the Champions Beaſt,
Ti'd to a Pale in ſtead of Rack,
But ne'r a Saddle on his Back;
Nor Piſtols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the Night too ſteal away,

But in a trice advanc'd the Knight,
Upon the *Bare Ridge*, Bolt upright,
And groping out for *Ralpho*'s Jade,
He found the Saddle too was ſtraid:
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up:
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He Kick'd and Cudgel'd on amain.
While *Hudibras* with equal haſte,
On both ſides, laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd as *Jockies* uſe, to break,
Or *Padders* to ſecure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*:
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO Of the Third Part.

The Saints engage in Fierce Conteſts,
About their Carnal Intereſts:
To ſhare their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace,
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel *left them in a Storm;*
Till in th'Effigie of RUMPS, *the Rabble,*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THe Learned Write, *An Inſect Breeze,*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees,*
That Falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe Corrupted Fleſh, that Breed
Of Vermine, did at firſt proceed:

So,

So e'r the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That firſt run all Religion down,
And after every ſwarm its own.
For as the *Perſian Magi* once,
Upon their *Mothers*, got their *Sons*:
Who were incapable t' enjoy,
That Empire any other way;
So *Presbyter* begot the other,
Upon the *Good Old Cauſe*, his Mother.
That bore them like the Devils Dam,
Whoſe *Son* and *Husband* are the ſame.
And yet no Nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'reſt for their common good,
Could, when their Profits interferr'd,
Get Quarter for each others Beard.

For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But onely by the ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that ſnarl about a Bone.
And play together, when th'have none.
As by their trueſt Characters
Their Conſtant Actions plainly appears.

Rebellion now began for lack
Of *Zeal*, and *Plunder* to grow ſlack.
The *Cauſe*, and *Covenant* to leſſen,
And Providence to b' out of Seaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O'th' Kings Revenue, and the Churches,
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gon,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubbornſt for the Cauſe,
To croſs the Cudgels to the Laws:

That what by breaking them, t' had gain'd
By their Support, might be maintain'd
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd againſt the *Huon-cry*.
For *Presbyter*, and *Independent*,
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff*, and *Defendant*:
Laid out their Apoſtolick Functions,
On Carnal Orders and *Injunctions*,
And all their Precious Gifts and Graces,
On Out-lawries, and *Scire facias*,
At *Michaels Term* had many a Trial,
Worſe then the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*:
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of Fees,
Into the *Bottomleſs Abyſs*.
For when, like Brethren, and Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to poſſeſs,
His Church and State Joint-Purchaſes,

In which the Ableſt Saint, and Beſt,
Was Nam'd in Truſt, by all the reſt,
To pay their Money, and in ſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed:
He ſtrait converted all his Gifts,
To pious Frauds, and holy Shifts,
And ſetled all the others Shares,
Upon his *outward Man*, and's *Heirs*.
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſt upon his Conſcience,
By *Pre-intail of Providence*.
Impeach'd the Reſt for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Eſtates;
But by their Spiritual Attaints,
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
Thus being reveal'd; They now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on.

And laid about as hot, and Brainſick,
As th' *Utter Barriſter of Swanſwick.*
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of Old:
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Then all unſanctifi'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I'th' Caſe, receiv'd the overthrow:
Or both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Caſhier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate,
From all Affairs of Church and State.
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant.

To ſtrowl and teach from Town, to Town,
And thoſe he had taught up, Teach down,
And make thoſe Uſes ſerve agen,
Againſt the New-inlightned Men.
As fit, as when at firſt, they were
Reveal'd againſt the *Cavalier*:
Damn *Anabaptiſt*, and *Fanatick*,
As Pat as *Popiſh*, and *Prelatick*,
And with as little variation,
To ſerve for any Sect i'th' Nation.

The good Old Cauſe, which ſome believe,
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*,
With Knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The World to Miſchief, with new light,
Had ſtore of Money in her Purſe,
When he took her, for *bett'r or worſe*.

But now was grown Deform'd, and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* whose first station,
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That serv'd for Horse, and Foot, at once:
And in the Saddle of one Steed,
The *Sarazen, and Christian rid.*
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther.*
No sooner got the Start to lurch,
Both Disciplins of *War*, and *Church*,
And Providence enough to Run
The Chief Commanders of 'em down:
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o'th' Saints:

And in a while, Prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the Game of War;
And be at Liberty once more,
T' Attack themſelves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd, and overcome,
Except their worſt, *themſelves at home:*
Wh' had compaſt all they Praid, and ſwore;
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for.
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things, but their *Laws and Hate*,
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoils of all th' had ranſackt.
To Botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion, and the *Government*,

They met no ſooner, but Prepar'd
To pull down all, the War had ſpar'd:
Agreed in Nothing, but t' Aboliſh,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demoliſh*.
For Knaves and Fools being near of Kin,
As *Dutch-Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their beſt,
To Damn the Publick Intereſt.
And Hearded onely in Conſults,
To put by one anothers Bolts.
T' out-cant the Babylonian Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers.
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So thoſe who play a *Game of State*,
And onely *Cavil* in Debate.

Although

Although there's nothing loſt, nor won,
The Publick Buſineſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing.
Becomes the ſurer way to Ruine.
This when the *Royaliſts* perceiv'd,
Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd:
And own'd the Right; they had paid down
So Dearly for, *The Church and Crown.*
Th' united Conſtanter, and Sided,
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War, Run down:
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith Retreated:
For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game:
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.

But

But when these Brethren in evil,
Their *Adversaries*, and the *Devil*,
Began once more, to shew them Play,
And hopes, at least to have a day,
They Rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes:
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-Houses,
T' Appoint New-*Rising Rendevouzes*,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd.
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started,
And as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish out Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd Destruction,
T' a New and Numerous Production:
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their Room,

That like the Christian Faith, increast
The more, the more they were Suppreſt.
Whom neither *Chains* nor *Tranſportation*,
Proſcription, *Sale*, nor *Confiſcation*,
Nor all the deſperate events,
Of Former tri'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty*, and *Dangling*:
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From ſtaking Life and Fortune down,
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown:
But kept the Title of their Cauſe,
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws,
And prov'd no Proſp'rous Uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the Nation:
Until in ſpight of Force and Treaſon
They put their Loy'lty in Poſſeſſion,

And

And by their Constancy, and Faith,
Destroyed the Mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*:
And was believ'd as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miscreants,
To Founder in the Stygian Ferry.
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*:
Who in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*:
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False Heaven, at the *End o'th' Hall*:
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His Precious Relicks to Translate:
So *Romulus* was seen before,
B' as Orthodox a *Senator*;

From

From whoſe Divine Illumination,
He ſtole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*,
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent*:
Who firſt, laid by the *Parliament*,
The onely *Crutch*, on which *he leant*,
And then Sunk underneath the *State*,
That Rode him above *Horſemans Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch Bowel-Hankerings,
To ſee an *Empire all of Kings*:
Deliver'd from th' *Ægyptian Awe*,
Of Juſtice, Government, and Law.
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*,
Should be reveal'd, Or *Goſpel Hans-Towns*,

To Edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John* of *Leydens old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-Cock hung up,
Upon their *Mother Churches* Top,
Was made a Type by Providence,
Of all their Revelations since:
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures;
For when they came to ſhape the *Model*,
Not one could fit anothers Noddle.
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging, then th' unſanctified.
While ev'ry Individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another
And ſtill the Maddeſt, and moſt Crackt,
Were found the buſieſt to Tranſact.
For though moſt Hands diſpatch'd apace,
And *make light work* (the Proverb ſays)

Yet many different Intellects,
Are found t'have contrary Effects:
And many Heads t'obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Leggs.

Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing.
Unleſs King *Jeſus*; others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert*,
Some for the *Rump*, and ſome more crafty,
For *Agitators*, and *the Safety*:
Some for the Goſpel and Maſſacres,
Of *Spiritual Affidavit makers*.
That ſwore to any Humane Regence
Oaths of Supremacy, and *Allegiance*.
Yea though the Ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o'th' Covenant.

Others

Others for Pulling down th' High Places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Claſſes*,
That us'd to make ſuch Hoſtile Inroads,
Upon the Saints, like Bloudy *Nimrods*:
Some for Fulfilling Propheſies,
And th' Extirpation of th' Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' *Ægyptian Bondage*,
Of *Holy-Days*, and *Paying Poundage:*
Some for the Cutting down of *Groves*,
And Rectifying Bakers Loaves:
And ſome for finding out Expedients,
Againſt the Slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for *Goſpel-Miniſters*,
And ſome for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
As Men moſt fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one, *and th' other Sword:*
Some were for carrying on the Work,
Againſt the *Pope*, and ſome the *Turk*:

Some for engaging to ſuppreſs,
The *Camiſado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward*:
More proper for the Cloudy Night,
Of *Popery*, then *Goſpel-Light*.
Others were for Aboliſhing
That Tool of Matrimony, *a Ring*,
With which th'unſanctifi'd *Bridegroom*,
Is marri'd onely to a *Thumb*;
(As wiſe as Ringing of a Pig,
That is to break up ground and Dig)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That Nulls the After-marriage ſtill.
Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linſey-Woolſey* in the Nation.
And ſome againſt all Idolizing
The *Croſs* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*;

Others to make all things Recant
The *Christian, or Sirname of* Saint.
And force all *Churches, Streets,* and *Towns,*
The *Holy Title* to Renounce;
Some 'gainſt a *Third Eſtate of Souls,*
And bringing down the Price of Coals:
Some for Aboliſhing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Blood in:
To Abrogate them, Roots and Branches,
While others were for *Eating Haunches*,
Of Warriors, and *now* and *then,*
The *Fleſh of Kings,* and *Mighty Men*:
And ſome for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n, by *Secret ones.*
For Thraſhing Mountains, and with Spels,
For Hallowing Carriers Packs, and Bells.
Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the wicked ſore afeard of.

The

The Quacks of Government, who ſate
At th' unregarded *Helm of State*;
And underſtood, this wild Confuſion
Of Fatal Madneſs, and Deluſion,
Muſt ſooner than a Prodigie,
Portend Deſtruction to be nigh;
Conſider'd timely, how t' withdraw,
And ſave their Wind-pipes from the Law:
For one Rencounter at the Bar,
Was worſe than all, th' had ſcap'd in War:
And therefore met in Conſultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation:
Not for the ſickly Patients ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take.
To feel the Pulſes of their Fees,
More wiſe then fumbling Arteries:
Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave Recover—*Gain*.

'Mong theſe there was a *Politician*,
With more heads then a *Beaſt in Viſion*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one,
Then all the *Whores of Babylon*:
So Politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spye;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both ſtrove to blink:
And in his dark Pragmatick Way,
As Buſie as a Child at Play.
H'had ſeen three Governments Run down,
And had a Hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em, and againſt 'em all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall:
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'reſt with the New one.
Plaid true and faithful, though againſt
His Conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd:

For

For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion,
Transform'd t' a feeble *State Camelion*,
By giving aim from ſide, to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his Tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry State,
And at a Change, ne'r came too late.
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath,
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' higheſt Truſt, and out, for New;
For when h' had happily incur'd
In ſtead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
And paſt upon a Government
He plai'd his trick and out he went,
But being out, and out of hopes,
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf, upon
The Publick Ruine, and his own;

So little did he understand
The Desp'rate Feats he took in hand,
For when h'had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks; He spoil'd his Game
Had forc'd his Neck into a Noose,
To shew his Play, at *Fast and Loose*,
And when he chanc'd t'escape, mistook
For Art, and Subtlety, his Luck,
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most Profound
At Deeds of Darkness under ground:
As th'Earth is easiest undermin'd
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more
H'had practis'd long, and much before,

Our

Our *State-Artificer* foreſaw,
Which way the World began to draw:
For as *Old Sinners* have all Points
O'th' Compaſs in their Bones and Joints,
Can by their Pangs, and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind:
And better then by *Napiers Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State,
Can by their Crimes Prognoſticate
And in their Conſciences feel Pain,
Some day before a Show'r of Rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about,
All ways he could, t' *inſure his Throat*;
And hither came t' obſerve, and ſmoke
What Courſes other Riſers took:
And to the utmoſt do his Beſt
To Save himſelf, and Hang the Reſt.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As buſie, and perverſe a Brother,
An Haberdaſher of Small Wares,
In Politicks, and State-Affairs:
More Jew then *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:
For when h'had taught his Tribe, to Spouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order
But tri'd another, and went further,
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, *His Will:*
That whatſoe'r it chanc'd to prove,
No force of Argument could move:
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn;

For

For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity *t' harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miſs his dear delight, to wrangle,
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht
That right, or wrong, he ne'r was non-pluſt.
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe:
And with its Everlaſting Clack,
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to Pickere,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controverſie*:
Not by the force of Carnal Reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;
With Volleys of Eternal Babble,
And clamour more unanſwerable.

For though his *Topiques* Frail and Weak,
Could near amount above a Freak:
He ſtill maintain'd 'em like his Faults,
Againſt the Deſperat'ſt Aſſaults;
And back'd their Feeble want of Senſe,
With greater Heat, and Confidence:
As Bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his Heat abated:
For nothing but his Intereſt,
Could lay his Devil of Conteſt.

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curſe*,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe, for *Bett'r or Worſe*:
And with his worldly Goods, and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body* worſhip'd it:

But when he found the ſullen *Trapes*
Poſſeſt with th' *Devil, Worms, and Claps*;
The *Trojan Mare* in Fole with *Greeks*,
Not half ſo full of *Jadiſh Tricks*;
Though Squemiſh in her outward Woman,
As looſe, and Rampant, as *Dol common*:
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
T' Adhere, and Cleave the Obſtinater:
And ſtill the skittiſher, and looſer,
Her Freaks appear'd, to ſit the Cloſer:
For *Fools are Stubborn in their way*:
As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay*:
And obſtinacy's ne'r ſo ſtiff,
And when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Theſe two, with others, being met
And cloſe in Conſultation ſet:

After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The Orator we mention'd late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of State:
Then with his own impatience,
To give himſelf firſt Audience.
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, there's nothing makes me doubt,
Our laſt *Out-goings* brought about,
More then to ſee, the Characters,
Of real *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead:
Who, cauſe the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of Weather,

Feel Pangs, and Aches, of *State-turns*,
And *Revolutions* in their *Corns*.
And ſince our *workings-out* are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe, before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When taking of the *Covenant*,
The lameſt Cripples of the Brothers,
Took Oaths, *to run before all others*:
But in their own ſenſe, onely ſwore
To ſtrive *to run away* before?
And now would prove, the *Words*, and *Oath*,
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true! the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right, and Mungrel Church:
The *Presbyter*, and *Independent*,
That ſtickle, which ſhall make an end on't.
And 'twas made out to us, *the laſt*
Expedient,—(I mean) *Margrets Faſt*:

When

When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd:
Elſe why ſhould Tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through?
And underſtand as well to *Tame*,
As when they ſerve our turns t' *inflame*.
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whoſe Frenzies muſt be Reconcil'd,
With *Drums* and *Rattles* like a Child.
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our *Scouring of Religion*,
Began with Tumults, and Sedition:
When *Hurricanes* of Fierce Commotion,
Became ſtrong Motives to *Devotion*:
(As Carnal Sea-men in a Storm,
Turn Pious Converts, and Reform.)

When

When Rusty weapons with chalk'd Edges,
Maintain'd our Feeble Priviledges:
And brown Bills, Levied in the City,
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee:
When Zeal with Aged Clubs, and Gleaves,
Gave chase to *Rochets* and *White Sleeves*,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t' *old* Iron, and *the Cause*.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we know how as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous,
Betray themselves in stead of us;
The Hollow Hearted *Disaffected*,
And *Close Malignant* are detected:
Who lay their Lives, and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,

And

And freely ſacrifice their Ears,
T' appeaſe our Jealouſies, and Fears.
And yet for all theſe Providences,
W' are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes,
We idly ſit, like ſtupid Block-heads,
Our hands committed to our Pockets.
And nothing, but our Tongues, at large,
To get the Wretches a diſcharge.
Like Men condemn'd to *Thunderbolts*,
Who, e'r the Blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools beſotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes.
And neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could reſolve on either
Might ſtand, or fall (at leaſt) together.
No mean, nor trivial ſolaces,
To Partners, in extreme diſtreſs:

Who uſe to leſſen their Deſpairs,
By parting them int' equal ſhares:
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier:
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more, he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had Courage left, or wit.
Who, when our *Fate* can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;
Have time to Rally, and Prepare
Our laſt, and beſt defence, *Deſpair*;
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats,
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits:
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing Couragiouſly out-brav'd.

As wounds, by wider wounds are heal'd,
And Poyſons, by themſelves, expel'd.
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhould be, *Men*;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide, againſt our ſelves, with Fate.
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.

This comes of *Breaking Covenants*,
And ſetting up *Exauns of Saints*,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for *Grace*,
To be excus'd the *Efficace*;
For Spiritual Men are too *Tranſcendent*,
That mount their Banks, for *Independent*.
To hang like *Mahomet*, in *th' Air*,
Or St. *Ignatius*, at his Prayer,

By Pure *Geometry*, and hate
Dependency, upon *Church*, or *State*,
Diſdain the *Pedantry o'th' Letter*,
And ſince Obedience is better,
(The *Scripture* ſays) then *Sacrifice*,
Preſume the leſs on't, will ſuffice.
And ſcorn, to have the moderat'ſt ſtints,
Preſcrib'd their peremptory *Hints*:
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in *Doctrinals*:
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without being call'd to account, or queſtion.

Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells;
And bid themſelves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem,

But look ſo big, and *Over-grown*,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own.
Who taught them all their *ſprinkling Leſſons*,
Their Tones and ſanctifi'd expreſſions,
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity, on thoſe, that want.
And learn'd the *Apocryphal Bigots*,
T' inſpire themſelves with *Short-hand Notes*,
For which they ſcorn, and hate them worſe,
Then Dogs and Cats do Sowgelders.
For who firſt bred them up to *Pray*,
And Teach, the Houſe of Commons way?
Where had they all their *Gifted Phraſes*,
But from our *Calamies* and *Caſes?*
Without whoſe *Sprinkling* and *Sowing*,
Who e'r had heard of *Ny*, or *Owen?*
Their diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our *Adoniram Biſield*,

And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'r been Sainted, as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindled down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like ſtanding Water,
In th' Intervals of War and ſlaughter:
Abates the ſharpneſs of its Edge,
Without the *Pow'r of Sacriledge:*
And though th'have Tricks to caſt their Sins,
As eaſie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the moſt Refin'd of Saints,
As Naturally grown Miſcreants,
As *Barnacles* turn *Soland-Geeſe*,
In th' Iſlands of *the Orcades.*
Their Diſpenſation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked.

With whom, their greateſt difference,
Lies more in words, and ſhew, then ſenſe:
For as the *Pope*, that *keeps the Gate*
Of *Heaven*, wears three Crowns in ſtate;
So he that keeps the *Gate of Hell*,
Proud *Cerberus*, wears three Heads, as well.
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their *Spiritual Gizzards* are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers ſtill, like other Goats,
For though the Whore bends Hereticks,
With Flames of Fire, like crooked ſticks,
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter th' are, they grow the ſtiffer:
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious fewds.

For Zeal's a dreadful *Termagant*,
That teaches Saints to *Tear, and Rant*,
And *Independents*, to profeſs
The Doctrine, of *Dependences:*
Turns meek, and ſneaking *Secret ones*,
To *Raw-heads fierce*, and *Bloody Bones:*
And not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the Wicked, and their Morals;
The *Gibellins*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their rage upon themſelves:
For now the War is not between
The Brethren, and the Men of ſin:
But *Saint, and Saint*, to ſpill the Blood,
Of one anothers Brother-hood;
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To *Liberty of Conſcience*,
Or zealous *ſuffring for the Cauſe*,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applauſe.

For though endur'd with *Reſolution*,
'Twill ne'r amount to *Perſecution*,
Shall Precious Saints and *Secret ones*,
Break one anothers outward Bones?
And eat the Fleſh of Brethren,
In ſtead of Kings, and Mighty Men?
When Friends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,
And *Baal-Peor* Friends with *Dagon*,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall *Secret ones* lug *Saints by th' Ears?*
And not Atone their Fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall Maſtiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints whoſe Necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the Danger take?

But though no Pow'r of *Heaven or Hell*,
Can Pacifie *Phanatick Zeal*:
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes,
The Fear of *Gallowſes and Ropes*,
Before *their Eyes* might Reconcile
Their Animoſities a while?
At leaſt until th' had a *Clear Stage*,
And equal Freedom to Engage:
Without the Danger of Surpriſe,
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their *Workings-out*,
And know 'em both in *Soul* and *Conſcience*,
Giv'n up t' as *Reprobate a Non-ſenſe*,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'r Reſtore.

We whom, at first, they set up under,
In Revelation onely of *Plunder*,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching *Self-denials*,
That rook'd upon us with design
To *Out-Reform, and Undermine:*
Took all our Interests and Commands
Perfidiously, out of our hands,
Involv'd us in the *Guilt of Blood*,
Without the *Motive-gains* allow'd,
And made us serve as *Ministerial*,
Like younger Sons of *Father Belial.*

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong,
Th' had done us, and the Cause, so long,
We never fail'd, to carry on
The Work still, as we had begun;

But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither *Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd:*
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the *Cavaliers:*
Nor put them to the charge of *Gaols,*
To find us *Pillories,* and *Carts-tails;*
Or *Hangmans Wages,* which the *State*
Was fore'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like *Tallies,* to the *Stumps*
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts:
And burnt our Veſſels, like a *New-*
Seal'd Peck, or Buſhel, for *b'ing true.*
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cauſe, againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One Syllable, of what we held:
And though we differ'd now and then,
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:

Our inward Men and *Conſtant Frame*
Of Spirit, ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to *Cant*,
And *Sprinkle down the Covenant*;
We ne'r had *Call* in any Place,
Nor Dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*.
But join'd our Gifts perpetually,
Againſt the Common Enemy:
Although 'twas ours, and their Opinion,
Each others Church was but a *Rimmon*,
And yet for all this *Goſpel-Union*,
And outward ſhew of *Church-Communion*,
They'l ne'r admit us to our ſhares,
Of Ruling *Church* or *State Affairs*:
Nor give us leave t' *abſolve*, *or ſentence*
T' our own Conditions of Repentance.
But ſhar'd our *Dividend o'th' Crown*,
We had ſo painfully *Preach'd down*.

And

And forc'd us, though againſt the Grain,
T' have Calls, to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Juſtice to Reſtore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before,
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our *Temporal Salvation*:
And put our Veſſels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play:
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about.
And that our onely Suffering,
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare,
At leaſt in *Carrying on* th' Affair:

But

But whether that be ſo, or not,
W'have done enough, to have it thought,
And that's as good, as if w' had don't,
And eaſier paſt upon account.
For if it be but half deni'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtifi'd.
The World is Nat'rally averſe
To all the truth, it Sees or Hears,
But ſwallows Non-ſenſe, and a Lie,
With Greedineſs and Gluttony;
And though it have, the Pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As Women long, when th' are with Child
For things extravagant and wild:
For Meats ridiculous, and fulſome,
But ſeldom, any thing that's wholſom;
And like the World, *Mens Jobbernoles*,
Turn round upon their *Ears*, *the Poles*;

And

And what th'are confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe, can be controul'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more, to *Hedge in Providence*,
For as *Relapſes* make Diſeaſes
More deſp'rate then their firſt Acceſſes,
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is eaſier then before,
And we more *Ready and Expert*,
I'th'Myſtery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The *Firſt War* to create, then make:
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd *Funds*, as ſtrange to carry't on;
Trepan'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots, and Projects of our own:

And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w'are better vers'd?
Who have a Freer Latitude,
Then Sinners give themselves allow'd:
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms, our Discipline.
To which it was Reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Causes Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, The Nation stood
In just so many Years of Blood:
That multipli'd by Six, *expresst*
The Perfect Number of the Beast.
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this work about agen:
And those who laid the first Foundation
Compleat the thorow Reformation:

For who have Gifts to carry on,
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have such *Able Paſtors?*
And Precious, Powerful, *Preaching-Maſters?*
Poſſeſt with abſolute Dominions,
O'r *Brethrens Purſes, and Opinions?*
And truſted with the *Double Keys*
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houſes:
Who when the Cauſe is in Diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what Sums they Pleaſe,
That Brooding lie in *Bankers* hands,
To be diſpos'd at their Commands:
And daily increaſe and Multiply,
With Doctrine, Uſe, and Uſury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are.)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions,

And ſhare them from *Blew Ribbands* down,
To all Blew Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in *Calleches*,
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as *Mother Nab*,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ti'd,
With *Oaths*, and *Trade* then any ſide:
Has one conſiderabl' Improvement,
To double Fortifie the Cov'nant:
I mean our Covenants to Purchaſe
Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
That Paſs in Sale, from *Hand*, *to Hand*,
Among our Selves, *for Current Land.*
And Riſe or Fall, *like Indian Actions*,
According to the Rate of Factions:
Our beſt *Reſerve* for Reformation,
When *New-outgoings* give occaſion:

That

That keeps the Loins of Brethren Girt,
The Covenant (*their Creed*) t' aſſert:
And when th' have Pack'd a *Parliament*,
Will once more try th' Expedient,
Who can already Muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends:
That Repreſent no part o' th' Nation,
But *Fiſhers-Folly Congregation*:
Are onely Tools to our Intrigues,
And ſit like Geeſe to hatch our Eggs:
Who by their Precedents of Wit,
T' *out-faſt, out-leiter, and out-ſit*:
Can order matters under hand:
To put all Bus'neſs to a ſtand:
Lay *Publick Bills* aſide, for *Private*,
And make 'em one another *Drive out*,
Divert the *Great and Neceſſary*,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary

And make the Nation *Repreſent*,
And ſerve for us, in *Parliament*,
Cut out more work then can be done,
On *Plato's Year*, but finiſh none,
Unleſs it be the *Bulls of Lenthall*
That always paſt for *Fundamental*.
Can ſet up *Grandee*, againſt *Grandee*.
To ſquander *Time away*, and *Bandy*.
Make *Lords, and Commoners* lay Sieges,
To one another's *Priviledges*;
And rather then compound the Quarrel
Ingage, to th' inevitable peril,
Of both their Ruines; th' onely ſcope
And conſolation of our hope;
Who though we do not play the Game,
Aſſiſt as much, by giving aim.
Can introduce our Ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t' act their parts,

Know what a *Leading-Voice* is worth,
A *Seconding*, a *Third*, or *Fourth*,
How much a *Casting-Vote* comes to
That turns up Trump, of I, or No;
And by adjusting all, at th' end,
Share ev'ry one his *Dividend*,
An Art, that so much study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost;
Unless our ancient *Virtuoso's*,
That found it out, *get into th' Houses*.
These are the Courses, that we took
To carry things, by *Hook* or *Crook*:
And practis'd down from *Forty four*,
Until they turn'd us *out of Door*,
Besides the Herds of *Bouteseus*,
We set on work, without the House.
When ev'ry *Knight, and Citizen*
Kept *Legislative Journey-men*,

To bring them in Intelligence,
From all Points of the Rabbles-Senſe:
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes,
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of *Cabals*,
To pack deſigns without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent uſe.
Agree upon the Plot *o'th' Farce*,
And every one *his Part Rehearſe*.
Make Q's of Anſwers, to way-lay
What th'other Parties like to ſay:
What *Repartees*, and *ſmart Reflections*,
Shall be return'd to all Objections.
And who ſhall break the *Maſter-Jeſt*,
And *what*, and *how*, *upon the Reſt*:
Help Pamphlets out, *with ſafe Editions*,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions;

And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter to a Country Friend.
Diſperſe *Lampoons*, the onely Wit,
That Men, like *Burglary Commit:*
Wit, falſer then a *Padders Face*,
That all its owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dare not truſt it, when
He's in his *Calling*, to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Diſcord forth.
Be ſure to keep up *Congregations*,
In ſpight of *Laws, and Proclamations*,
For *Chiarlatans* can do no good,
Until th'are Mounted in a Crowd:
And when th'are Puniſh'd; All the Hurt,
Is but to fare the better for't:
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th'indure;

And what they earn in *Perſecution*,
Are paid t' a Groat in *Contribution*.
Whence ſome *Tub-holders-forth* have made
In *Powdring-Tubs*, their richeſt Trade:
And while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt regret
For all the *Chriſtian Blood*, w' have let;
'Twill ſave our credit, and maintain
Our Title, to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one *Dram of Senſe*,
But *Pertinacious Impudence*:
Our conſtancy t' our Principles
In time, will wear out all things elſe,
Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
With *Gallantry* of Pilgrim's kiſſes:
While thoſe who turn, and wind their Oaths,
Have ſwell'd, and ſunk like other *Froths*.

Pre-

Prevail'd a while: but 'twas not long,
Before from *World to World* they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from ſide, to ſide,
And as the Changelings lived, they died.

This ſaid; the impatient *States-Monger*
Could now contain himſelf no longer,
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Piques,
Againſt th' *Haranguers Politicks?*
With ſmart remarks of *Leering Faces*
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h' had miniſtred a Doſe
Of *Snuff-Mundungus*, to his Noſe:
And Powder'd th' inſide of his Soul,
In ſtead of th' outward Jobbernol:
He ſhook it, with a ſcornful look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke.

In Dreſſing a Calves Head, Although
The *Tongue and Brains* together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near:
For who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch unſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, *One Thing?*
Which none can do, but thoſe who ſwore
T'as *Point-blank Non-ſenſe* heretofore:
That to *Defend was to Invade*,
And to *Aſſaſſinate, to Aid:*
Unleſs becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to Reſtore
And bring him in but on your Score.
A *Spiritual Doctrine*, that Conduces
Moſt properly, *to all your Uſes.*

'Tis

'Tis true, *A Scorpions Oyl is ſaid*
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons dreſt with Salves, Reſtore,
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether *Presbyterians* have
So much *Good Nature* as the *Salve:*
Or *Virtue* in them as the *Vermine,*
Thoſe who have tri'd 'em can Determine.
Indeed, 'Tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' *Arrears* of all your *Services,*
And for th' Eternal Obligation,
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation:
B' us'd s' unconſcionable Hard,
As not to find a Juſt Reward.
For letting Rapin looſe, and Murther,
To Rage juſt ſo far, *but no further:*
And ſetting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' a Scantling, *but no higher:*

For vent'ring to *Assassinate*,
And cut the Throats of *Church and State*:
And not be allow'd the fittest Men,
To take the charge of both agen.
Especially, that have the *Grace*,
Of Self-denying, *Gifted Face*;
Who when your Projects have miscarri'd,
Can lay them with undaunted Fore-head,
On those you painfully trepan'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand.
As we have been, to share the guilt,
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our Ignorance was flam'd
To damn our selves, t'avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hangman,
Was like to lurch you at *Back-gammon*;
And win your Necks, *upon the Set*,
As well as ours, *who did but Bet*:

(For

(For he had drawn *your Ears before*,
And Nick'd *'em*, on the ſelf-ſame ſcore:)
We threw the Box, and Dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at *foul Play*:
And brought you down to *Rook*, *and Lye*,
And Fancy onely, *on the By*.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty *Poles*:
And reſcued all your *Outward Traitors*
From hanging up like *Allegators*:
For which ingeniouſly y'have ſhew'd
Your *Presbyterian* gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one *Rope* behind.
Thoſe were your Motives, to divide,
And ſcruple on the other ſide,
To turn your zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conſcience, and Remorſe.

To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And Face-about for New again:
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Then *Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:*
And therefore all your *Lights* and *Calls*,
Are but *Apocryphal, and False*,
To charge us with the Conſequences,
Of all your Native inſolences.
That to your own *Imperious Wills*,
Laid *Law and Goſpel, Neck and Heels:*
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for Precedent:
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
Of which there is not any one,
In all the Book to ſow upon:
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian Doctrin forth and uſe:

As *Mahomet* (your Chief) began,
To mix them in the *Alchoran:*
Denounc'd, and Pray'd, *with Fierce Devotion,*
And bended Elbows on the Cuſhion:
Stole from the Beggars, *All your Tones,*
And Gifted Mortifying *Grones:*
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are ſaid to ſee the Wind:
Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predeſtination,*
And Knights-Bridge with Illumination:
Made Children with your Tones to *Run for't,*
As bad as *Bloody Bones or Lunsford.*
While Women great with Child, Miſcarri'd,
For being to Malignants marri'd:
Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs,*
Whoſe Husbands were not *For the Cauſe:*
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to Battle:

Made

Made Taylors Prentices *turn Heroes*,
For fear of being *transform'd to Meroz*;
And rather forfeit their Indentures
Then not espouse the Saints Adventures.

Could *Transubstantiate*, *Metamorphose*,
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus*:
Inchant the *Kings*, *and Churches Lands*,
T' obey, *and follow your Commands*:
And settle on a *New Free-hold*,
As *Marcly-hill* had done of Old.
Could turn *The Covenant*, *and Transplate*
The *Gospel*, *into Spoons*, *and Plate*;
Expound upon all *Merchants Cashes*,
And open th' *Intricatest Places*:
Could *Catechise* a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches *Orthodox*,

Until

Until the Cauſe became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias*, *the wicked Mammon*.

And yet in ſpight of all your Charms
To conjure *Legion up*, in Arms,
And raiſe more Devils in the Rout,
Then e're y' were able to caſt out:
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools,
Who though but gifted at *your feet*,
Have made it plain; they have more wit
By whom you have been ſo oft trepan'd,
And held-forth out of all command:
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd, at carryings-on,
Of all your Diſpenſations Worm'd
Out-Providenc'd, and out-Reform'd.

Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the Peoples hate:
And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments;
By thoſe who lodg'd their Gifts, and Graces
Like better Bowlers in your Places;
All which you bore, with Reſolution,
Charg'd on th' Accompt of Perſecution;
And though, moſt righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill Acquieſt:
And never *Hum'd, and Hah'd* Sedition,
Nor *ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion.*
That is becauſe you never durſt,
For had you *Preach'd and Pray'd your worſt*,
Alas, you were no longer able
To raiſe your *Poſſe of the Rabble*:
One ſingle *Red-Coat Sentinel*
Out-charm'd the *Magick of the Spell*,

And with his *Squirt-fire*, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers:
Or trust our *Safeties, or Undoings*,
To your *Disposing, of Outgoings*;
Or to your *ordering Providence*,
One Farthings-worth of Consequence.

For had you pow'r, to undermine,
Or wit to carry a Design,
Or correspondence, to Trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man,
There's nothing else, that intervenes,
And bars your zeal, to use the means.
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:

Brave Undertakers to *reſtore*,
That could not keep your ſelves in pow'r:
T' advance the *Int'reſts of the Crown*,
That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (*for I'ld be loth*
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in *Both*;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As *Grace is introduc'd by Sin*,
For 'twas your *zealous want of ſenſe*,
And Sanctifi'd Impertinence:
Your carrying buſineſs in a Huddle
That forc'd our Rulers, to *New-model*,
Oblig'd the State to tack about
And turn you Root, and Branch, all out
To Reformado One, and All,
T'your *Great Croyſado General*:

Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour
Before, 'twas in your Clutches, *Pow'r*.
That ſprung the Game you were to ſet,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your ſpight to ſee the Churches Lands,
Divided into other hands.
And all your *Sacrilegious ventures*
Laid out on *Tickets, and Debentures*;
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By Under Churches in the Town.
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their Mouths
Nor th' *Independents* ſpreading Growths;
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you.
Who have prevail'd, beyond *their Plots*,
Their Midnight Juntos, and ſeal'd Knots,
That thrive more by your zealous Piques
Then all their own raſh Politicks.

And this way you may claim a ſhare,
In carrying (as you brag) *Th' Affair*,
Elſe Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews
From *Pharo, and his Brick-kills*-looſe:
And Flies, and Mange, that ſet them free,
From Task-Maſters, and Slavery:
Were likelyer to do the Feat,
In any indiffrent Man's conceit;
For who e're heard of *Reſtoration*,
Until your *thorough Reformation*,
That is the Kings, and Churches Lands
Were Sequeſtred int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were opened to reſtore.
And when the work was carrying on,
Who croſt it, but your ſelves alone?
As by a World of hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears:

But firſt o'th' firſt ; *The Iſle of Wight*
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't ;
Where *Hinderſon, and th' other Maſſes*
Were ſent to Cap Texts, and put Caſes :
To paſs for deep, and *Learned Scholars* ;
Although but Paltry, *Ob-and-Sollers :*
As if th' unſeaſonable Fools,
Had been a *Courſing in the Schools* ;
Until th' had prov'd, *The Devil Author*
O'th' Covenant, and the Cauſe his Daughter :
For when they charg'd him, with the guilt
Of all the Blood, that had been ſpilt :
They did not mean, He *wrought th' effuſion,*
In Perſon, like Sir Pride, and Hughſon :
But only thoſe, who firſt begun
The Quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who could thoſe be, but the Saints,
Thoſe *Reformation-Termegants* ?

But e're *This* past; the wise Debate
Spent so much time it grew too late;
For Oliver *had gotten ground,*
T' enclose them, with his Warriers, round.
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the untimely Sophists out.
Nor had the *Uxbridge bus'ness* less
Of Non-sence in't, and sottishness,
When from a *Scoundrel Holder forth,*
The Scum, as well as Son o'th' Earth,
Your *Mighty Senators* took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;
And sacrifice the Peace o'th' Nation,
To *Doctrine, use, and Application.*
So when *the Scots, your constant Cronyes,*
Th' Espousers of your Cause, and Monies:
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been soundly paid;

Came

Came in at laſt, for better ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church,
Th' had train'd you up to, *in the lurch*:
And ſuffer'd your *own Tribe of Chriſtians*,
To fall before as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what Utenſils y' have been;
To bring the King's Concernments in:
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but *He*, can bring in you.
And if he take you into truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt:
Such as will punctually *Repay*
With double Intereſt, and Betray.

Not that I think thoſe *Pantomimes*,
Who vary Action, with the Times:

Are leſs ingenious in their Art,
Then thoſe, who dully *Act one Part*,
Or thoſe who turn from Side, to Side,
More guilty, than the Winde, and Tide.
All Countries are a Wiſe-mans home,
And ſo are Governments to ſome
Who change them for the ſame *Intrigues*,
That Stateſ-Men uſe in breaking Leagues:
While others in *Old Faiths, and Troths*,
Look odd, as *Out-of-faſhion'd Cloaths*:
And Naſtier, in an *Old Opinion*,
Then thoſe, who never ſhift *their Linnen*.

For True and Faithful's ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever, the Game goes:
And whether Parties, looſe or win,
Is always *Nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in*.

While

While Pow'r uſurp'd like ſtoln delight,
Is more bewitching then the right.
And when the Times begin *to Alter*,
None riſe ſo high as *from the Halter*.

And ſo may we, if w' have but ſenſe
To uſe the neceſſary Means,
And not your uſual *Stratagems*,
On one another, *Lights and Dreams*.
To ſtand on terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant, on Crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe, who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are ſure, to prop our own:
Your conſtant *Method of Proceeding*,
Without the *Carnal means of Heeding*:

Who 'wixt your *Inward ſenſe, and Outward,*
Are worſe, then if y' *had none,* Accoutred.

I grant, all courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in, again:
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, how?
'Tis true! w' have Money, th' *only Pow'r,*
That all Mankind falls down before;
Money, that like the Swords of Kings,
Is the laſt reaſon of all things;
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all advantages, that way
As long as Men have *Faith to ſell,*
And meet with thoſe that can *Pay well.*
Whoſe half-ſtarv'd *Pride, and Avarice,*
One *Church, and State* will not ſuffice,

'Tex-

T'*expoſe to Sale*; Beſide the Wages,
Of ſtoring Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money leſs our own,
Then 'twas, before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in Play upon't:
Or but by *Caſting Knaves* get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts, we us'd before,
In *Peace and War*, and ſomething more:
And by the unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments.
For when w' are taken into truſt,
How eaſie, are the wiſeſt chouſt?
Who ſee but th' out-ſides of our Feats,
And not their Secret Springs and Weights;
And while th' are *buſie at their eaſe*,
Can carry what deſigns, we pleaſe:

Who 'wixt your *Inward ſenſe, and Outward,*
Are worſe, then if y' *had none,* Accoutred.

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And while th' are *buſie at their eaſe*,
Can carry what deſigns, we pleaſe:

How

How easie i'st to serve for *Agents*;
To prosecute our old Engagements?
To keep the good Old Cause on Foot;
And present Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both, with false Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms,
To keep the Nations Wounds too wide,
For healing up of Side to Side.
Profess the passionat'st *Concerns*,
For both their Interests by *Turns*.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of Purpose False, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
'T would turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other means,
To stand upon our own Defence;

But keeping up our *Antient Party*
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:
To Reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other venters,
Unite them, and their Different Maggots,
As long, and Short Sticks, are in Faggots.
And make them Joyn again, as Cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' Eſpouſe;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To Joyn in *Marriage and Commerce*,
And only among themſelves, *Converſe*.
And all, that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to All Man kind:
Take All Religions in, and Stickle,
From *Conclave down to Conventicle*;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſ-agreeing,
According to the Light in being.

Some-

Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conſcience*
And *Spiritual miſ-rule, in one Senſe.*
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary:
And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect *their Emiſſaries*, Impower'd
To Preach Sedition, and the Word,
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe,
And turn the Perſecution back,
On thoſe, that made the firſt Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From *breaking, or maintaining Law*;
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the *Full-tides* of the Moon:

Put off their zeal, t'a fitter ſeaſon,
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating *on their Perches.*
That when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting *Babylon, and Rome,*
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own *Fift-Monarchy,* once more;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Againſt *Revolts of Providence;*
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind-ſides of it, as they happen:
For if ſucceſs could make us Saints,
Our Ruine turn'd us *Miſcreants:*
A ſcandal that would fall to hard
Upon *A Few,* and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to stand on Tearms, and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
But do our work, as out of sight,
As Stars by day, and Suns by night:
All Licence of the People own,
In opposition, to the Crown.
And for the Crown, as fiercely side,
The *Head* and *Body*, to divide;
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be sure to spare no *Publick Rapine*,
On all Emergencies, that happen;
For 'tis as easie to supplant
Authority, as Men in want:

As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vaſtly, by their *Joynt-endeavour*,
The Right a Thief, *the Left* Receiver;
And what the one, by tricks *Fore-ſtal'd*;
The other, by as ſly, *Retail'd*.
For Gain has wonderful Effects,
T'improve the Factory of Sects:
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſions,
And great *Diana* of the Epheſians:
Whence turning of Religion's made,
The means, to *turn, and wind a Trade.*
And though ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a Courſe;
And draw in ſtore of Cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For all Religions, flock together,
Like *Tame*, and *Wild-Fowl* of a Feather,

To nab the Itches of their Sects:
As Jades do one anothers Necks.
Hence 'tis; Hypocriſie, as well,
Will ſerve t'improve a Church, as zeal:
As Perſecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.

Let Buſineſs, like Ill Watches go,
Sometime too faſt, ſometime too ſlow,
For things in order, are put out
So eaſie, *Eaſe it ſelf, will do't.*
But when the Feat's deſign'd, and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more eaſie to betray,
Then ruine any other way.

All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weighty'ſt matters to divert;

Obſtruct, Perplex, Diſtract, Intangle,
And lay Perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us good, nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply:
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.

But ſtill be careful *to cry down*
All publick Actions, though our own,
The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate
And charge it all, *upon the State:*
Expreſs the horridſt deteſtation,
And pitty the diſtracted Nation.
Tell ſtories, *Scandalous, and Falſe,*
I'th' proper Language of *Cabals:*

Where all a ſubtle Stateſ-man ſays,
Is half in Words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniards talk in *Dialogues*,
Of Heads, and Shoulders, Nods, and Shrugs)
Entruſt it under ſolemn Vows
Of *Mum*, and *Silence*, and the *Roſe*
To be Re-tail'd again in whiſpers,
For th' eaſie credulous, to diſperſe.

Thus far the Stateſ-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtrait another all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear, and Haſt:
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as death,
And for a while, *as out of breath*;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That

That beaſtly Rabble,——that came down
From all the Garrets——in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards——in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills——and ruſty Arms,
To cry the Cauſe——up, heretofore,
And baul the Biſhops——out of Door,
Are now drawn up,——in greater Shoals,
To Roaſt——and Broil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees——of our Members,
Are Carbonading on——the Embers;
Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes——
Held forth by Rumps——of Pigs, and Geeſe.
That ſerve for Characters——and Badges,
To repreſent their Perſonages.
Each Bone-fire is a *Funeral Pile*,
In which, they *Roaſt, and Scorch, and Broil*;

And ev'ry Repreſentative
Have vow'd to *Roaſt—and Broil alive*,
And 'tis a miracle, we are not
Already, ſacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and Jar,
W'are Grylly'd all at *Temple Bar*,
Some, on the Sign-poſt of an Ale-houſe,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to perſonate
Reſpective Officers of State;
That henceforth, they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under *Dun*,
That worthy Patriot, *once the Bellows*,
And Tinder-Box, of all his Fellows.
The activ'ſt Member of the *Five*,
As well as the moſt Primitive,

Who

Who for his faithful ſervice, then,
Is choſen for a *Fift* agen,
(For ſince the State has made a *Quint*
Of Generals, he's liſted in't)
This Worthy, as the World will ſay,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dunghils hereabouts:
He's mounted on a *Hazel Bavin*,
A Cropt malignant Baker gave'em.
And to the largeſt Bonefire, riding
Th' have Roaſted *Cook* already, and *Pride-m*,
On whom in Equipage, and State,
His ſcare-crow fellow-Members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at *Thanksgivings th' us'd to do*
Each in a tatter'd *Taliſmane*,
Like Vermine in *Eſſigie ſlain*.

But (what's more dreadful then the reſt)
Thoſe Rumps are but *the Tail o' th' Beaſt*,
Set up by *Popiſh Engeneers*,
As by the *Crackers* plainly appears:
For none, but Feſuits, have a Miſſion,
To Preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown-up Souldier:
Theſe *Spiritual Pioneers* o'th' *Whores*,
That have the charge of all her Stores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their Deſigns,
To take in Heav'n by ſpringing Mines;
And with unanſwerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder diſpute their quarrels:
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the Rabble,

And blow us up in th' open ſtreets;
Diſguis'd in Rumps, like *Sambenites*;
More like to ruine, and confound,
Then all their Doctrines *under-ground.*

Nor have they choſen Rumps amiſs
For Symbols of State-myſteries;
Though ſome ſuppoſe,'twas but to ſhew,
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, *The few*;
Who, 'cauſe th' are waſted to the Stumps,
Are repreſented beſt by Rumps:
But Jeſuites have *deeper reaches*
In all their *Politick far-fetches*:
And from their *Coptick Prieſt, Kirkerus*,
Found out this Myſtick way to jeer us.

For as the *Ægyptians us'd by Bees*,
T'expreſs their *Antick Ptolomies*;

And

And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtile Animals
Bear all their Intreſts in their *Tails*,
And when th' are once impair'd in that'
Are baniſh'd their well-order'd State:
They thought, all Governments were beſt
By *Hieroglyphick Rumps*, expreſt.

For as in *Bodies Natural*,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So in a *Common-Wealth, or Realm*,
The Government is call'd the *Helm*,
With which, like Veſſels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fiſhes ſteer
Their courſes with, through Sea and Air;

To whom, the *Rudder of the Rump, is*
The ſame thing with the *Stern, and Compaſs,*
This ſhews, how perfectly, the Rump,
And Common-wealth in Nature jump;
For as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Reſts with his Tail above his Head:
So in this Mungril *State of ours,*
The Rabble are the Supream Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs to ſhow us,
A Jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.

The Learned *Rabins of the Jews,*
Write there's a Bone, which they call *Luez,*
Pth' Rump of Man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore at the laſt great Day,
All th' other Members ſhall, *they ſay,*

Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed,
From whence, the *Learned Sons of Art*
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump-bone, *the Parliament*?
That after several *Rude Ejections*,
And as *Prodigious Resurrections*,
With new Reversions of nine Lives
Starts up, and like a Cat Revives?

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And *Th' House*, as well as *Members*, fir'd;
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,
And Paultry, Private wretchedness,

Worſe than the *Devil to Privation*,
Beyond all hopes of Reſtauration;
And parted like the Body, and Soul,
From all Dominion, and Controul.

We, who could lately with a look,
Enact, Eſtabliſh, or Revoke;
Whoſe *Arbitrary Nods* gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.
Had more bent knees, then *Chappel-Mats*,
And *Prayers, then the Crowns of Hats.*
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For *Rume's juſt as low, as high*;

Which

Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horrour, that attends our fall:
For ſome of us have ſcores more large,
Then *Heads and Quarters* can diſcharge.
And others who by *Reſtleſs ſcraping*
With *Publick Frauds*, and *Private Rapine*,
Have mighty heaps of Wealth amaſs't
Would gladly lay down all, at laſt;
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Veſſels on perpetual Jayl,
And bleſs the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls ou no worſe terms.

This ſaid, *A near and louder ſhout*
Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout,
Who now begun t'out-run their fear,
As Horſes do, from thoſe they bear:

But crouded on, with ſo much haſt,
Until th' had block'd the paſſage faſt;
And barricadoed it with *Haunches*,
Or outward *Men, and Bulks, and Paunches*:
That with their Shoulders, ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a *Cripled piece*;
Of all their cruſh'd, *and broken Members*,
Then have them *Grillied on the Embers*:
Still preſſing-on, with heavy packs,
Of one another, on their Backs,
The Van-guard could no longer bear
The charges, of the *Forlorn-Rere*,
But born down head-long by the Rout,
Were trampled ſorely under foot.
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As the *horrid Cookery of the Rabble*:
And fear that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are, *by the Gout*,

Reliev'd 'em with a freſh ſupply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
And beat a *Tuſcan running Horſe*,
Whoſe Jocky-Rider is *all Spurs*.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and last Part.

The ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Inchanted Bow'r, by Night:
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit,
T' a Plea in Law, and proſecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the Enterpriſe;
But firſt reſolves to try by Letter,
And once more, fair Addreſs, to get her.

CANTO III.

WHo would believe, what ſtrang *Bugbears*
Mankind creates it ſelf, of *Fears*:
That ſpring like Fern, that Inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed;

And have no poſſible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more Dreadful Feats,
Than Hags with all their *Imps and Teats:*
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their *Nurſeries of Elves.*
For fear do's things ſo like a Witch,
'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which:
Sets up communities of Senſes,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As *Roſi-cruſian Virtuoſo's,*
Can ſee with *Ears,* and hear with *Noſes:*
And when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by Fear,
That makes'm in the dark *ſee Viſions,*
And hag themſelves with *Apparitions:*
And when their eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt Objects beſt.

Do things not contrary alone
To th' courſe of Nature but its own:
The courage of the braveſt Daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant;
For Men as reſolute appear,
With too much as too little fear
And when th'are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying:
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled like Lions, Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who by the Furies left Perdue.
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From *Marſhal-Legions Regiment*,
Was by a *Fiend*, as Counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Reſcu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but himſelf and fear
Was both the *Imps and Conjurer*:

As by the Rules o' th' *Virtuoſi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poſie*.

Diſguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At *Blind Mans Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of *Night and Day*:
Who took his dark and deſp'rate courſe,
He knew no better than his Horſe;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whether) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs capacity of ſpeed:
Diſabled both in Man and Beaſt,
To fly, and run away, *his beſt*,
To keep the Enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his Rere,

And though with kicks, and bangs, he ply'd
The further, and the nearer ſide,
(As *Seamen* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horſe*,
And when the Hackney Sails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)
So though he poſted e're ſo faſt,
His fear was greater then his *haſt*:
For fear, though fleeter then the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And ſhift 't *another Scene* his fear;
He found his new officious *ſhade*,
That came ſo timely to his Aid:
And forc'd him from the Foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd it ſelf, to *Ralpho*'s *ſhape*.
So like in *Perſon, Garb, and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t'unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain the Approaching Knight,
And while he gave himſelf Diverſion,
T'accommodate his *Beaſt and Perſon*,
And put his *Beard* into a poſture,
At beſt advantage to accoſt her;
She order'd th' *Antimaſquerade*,
(for his Reception) *aforeſaid*:
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone*,
And *Hudibras* amongſt the Reſt,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* gueſt,
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,

And tell his Story to himſelf;
The Knight miſtook him for an Elf.
And did ſo ſtill till he began,
To ſcruple at *Ralphs* outward Man:
And thought becauſe thye oft agreed,
T' appear in one anothers ſtead,
And act the *Saints* and *Devils* part,
With undiſtinguiſhable Art.
They might have done ſo now perhaps,
And put on one anothers ſhapes:
And therefore to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him and cry'd out:
What art? My Squire or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some buſie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?

Alas, quoth he, *I'm none of thoſe,*
Your Boſom Friends, as you ſuppoſe,
But Ralph *himſelf, your truſty Squire,*
Wh' has drag'd your Dun-ſhip out o'th' mire,
And from the Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beaſt, have freed you.
And though a Priſoner of War,
Have brought you ſafe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully Re-pay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian way.
That's ſtranger (quoth the Knight) *and ſtranger,*
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, *Th' Infernal Conjurer*
Purſu'd, and took me Priſoner,
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out
Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid and did:

And

And, though they lay to him, the Pageant;
I did not see him, nor his Agent,
Who plaid their Sorceries out of sight
T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But didst thou see no Devils then?
Not one, quoth he, *but carnal Men.*
A little worse then Fiends in Hell,
And that she-Devil Jezabel,
That Laugh'd, and Tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your Deposition.
What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Dev'l to examine me?
A Rallying Weaver, in the Town,
That did it in a Parsons Gown,
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,
But for my part I ne're believ'd it.

In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conſciencious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your whipping, and confeſt
The naked truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the Reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his Miter.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write;
What made thee, when they all were gone
And none, but thou, and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me, of my *helliſh Fear?*
Quoth he, *I knew your conſtant Rate*
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives, of my own:
And therefore ſtrove to Counterfit,
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your wit.

The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with mighty drubs confuting.

The Knight who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind;
And ſaw no farther harm remain,
But feeble wearineſs and pain;
Perceiv'd by loſing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th'advantage of the Day,
And by declining of the Rode,
They had by chance their Rere made good.
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rant and Tear*.
And gives the Deſperat'ſt Attack,
To danger ſtill behind its back.

For having paws'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no Dev'l had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd:
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-ingage,
Tost like a Foot-ball back again,
With *shame, and vengeance, and disdain*;

Quoth he, *It was thy Cowardise,*
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half redne'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd, by thy New,
Arriv'd Detachment then I knew:

To ſlight my new-Acqueſts, and run
Victoriouſly, from Battles won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper then they coſt.
To make me put my ſelf to flight,
And Conqu'ring, run away, by Night.
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe.
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms, and Equipage,
Leſt if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might the unequal Fight renew.
And, to preſerve thy outward Mun,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth Ralph, *I did, 'tis true,*
Not to preſerve my ſelf, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baſer drubs,
Then Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs:
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worſe
Then managing a wooden Horſe:
Drag'd out through ſtraiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or Coup'd, for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain:
But ſince it proſper'd 'tis undandſome,
To blame the hand that paid your Ranſome.
And reſcued your obnoxious Bones,
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
And we diſabled and unhors'd:

Diſarm'd,

Disarm'd, unqualified for fight,
And no way left, but hasty flight.
Which, though as desperate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit condition,
To re-inforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice,
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their loosing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of Man, and Beast,
Are fit for nothing now but rest.
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.

And therefore I with reaſon choſe
This Stratagem, t' amuſe our Foes.
To make an honourable Retreat,
And wave a total ſure defeat:
For thoſe that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which ſome Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw-off, and recoyl.
Is held the gallanteſt courſe, and braveſt,
To great Exployts, as well as ſafeſt:
That ſpares the expence of time, and pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails; as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to fortune,

But make their Fear do execution,
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution,
As Earth-quakes kill, without a blow,
And only trembling overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt Men
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e're be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or fight indanger'd to be loſt
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means when a Battle's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halfs at leaſt in th' Victory:
And ſometime, when their loſs is ſmall,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets;

And when for furious haſt to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a Gun:
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home
Made Squibs, and Crackers overcome.

To ſet the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governours from blame;
Diſperſe the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells,
And though reduc'd to that extream,
They have been forc'd to ſing Te Deum,
Yet with Religious Blaſphemy,
By flattering Heaven, with a Lie,
And for their Beating, giving thanks,
Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their Banks,
For thoſe who run from the Enemy,
Ingage them equally, toſly,

And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Thoſe win the day, that win the Race;
And that which would not paſs in Fights,
Has done the Feat with eaſie ſlights.
Recover'd many a deſp'rate Campain,
With Burdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign.
Reſtor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine, and Aqua-vitæ.
And made them ſtoutly overcome,
With Bacrack, Hocamore, and Mum,
Whom, the uncontroul'd decrees of Fate
To Victory neceſſitate.
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their Sultan-Populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's,

Quoth Hudibras, *I understand*
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea, and Land;
And who those were that run away,
and yet gave out th' had won the day:
Although the Rabble souc'd them for't,
O're head, and ears, in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far;
But not so resolute, and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For now they laugh at giving Battle,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattle:
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole design of the Expedition.
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:

As Fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for Glory, or Forrage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th, Rere:
And forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,

To pick out ground to incamp upon
Where ſtore of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve inſtead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors,
Where both from ſide to ſide may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep.
For Men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted.
And therefore poſt themſelves in bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs,
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat. their great Allie.
For 'tis not now, who's ſtout and bold,
But who bears hunger beſt, and cold:
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving:
But he that routs moſt Rigs, and Cows,
The formidableſt Man of Proweſs.

So, the Emperour Caligula,
That triumph'd o're the Britiſh Sea;
Took Crabs, and Oyſters Priſoners,
And Lobſters, 'ſtead of Curaſiers,
Ingag'd his Legions in fierce huſtles,
With Perywinkles, Prawns, and Muſcles:
And led his Troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops.
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr.
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth *Ralph*, by all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I could add,

'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Then take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe:
To hope by ſtratagem to wooe her,
Or waging Battle to ſubdue her.
Though ſome have done it in *Romances*,
And *bang'd* them into *Amorous Fancies*,
As thoſe, who won the *Amazons*,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:
And ſtout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride,
By courting *of her Back, and Side.*
But ſince thoſe times and Fears are over,
They are not for a *Modern Lover*:
When *Miſtreſſes* are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch addreſſes, to be gain'd:
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe s' infeſible
As this of force to win the *Jezabell.*

To ſtorm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms,
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her word,
And me to witneſs the Accord.
Beſides two more of her retinue,
To teſtifie what paſt between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Then Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:
For which ſo many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd.
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound:
And that unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſineſs you look after;
Beſides, *Encounters at the Bar*,
Are braver now, then thoſe in War.

In which the Law does execution,
With leſs Diſorder and Confuſion:
Has more of Honour in't ſome hold,
Not like the *New way*, but the *Old*.
When thoſe the *Pen* had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with *the Feather*,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more then Bullets now of Lead.
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatſo'ere's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right;
For whether you *Prevail*, or *Loſe*,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe.

And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun,
What you muſt truſt to, ere y' have done.

The Law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but wooe.
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as falſe, recover:
And if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon *extend her* for your *Bride*:
And put her *Perſon, Goods, or Lands*,
Or which you like beſt int' your hands;

For *Law*'s the Wiſdom of all Ages
And manag'd by the ableſt Sages,
Who though their *Bus'neſs at the Bar*
Be but a kind of *Civil War*,
In which th' ingage with *fiercer Dudgeons*
Then e're the *Grecians did, and Trojans.*

They

They never manage the Conteſt,
T' impair their publick Intereſt;
Or by their Controverſies, leſſen
The dignity of their *Profeſſion:*
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, *The Cauſe*, and ſide,
And though w' are all as near of kindred
As th' *outward Man is to the inward;*
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Then to argue at their own expence.
But make their beſt advantages,
Of other quarrels, like the *Swiſs*,
And out of Foraign Controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, *fill their Purſes.*
But have no int'reſt in the Cauſe,
For which, th' *ingage, and wage the Laws:*

Nor

Nor further Proſpect then their *Pay*,
Whether they looſe or win the *Day*.
And though th' abouuded in all Ages,
With ſundry learned *Clerks, and Sages*.
Though all their buſineſs be diſpute,
With which they canvas every ſuit;
Th' have no diſputes about their *Art*,
Nor in *Polemicks controvert*.
While all *Profeſſions* elſe are found,
With nothing but *Diſputes* t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and *Phyſicians*,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The *Galleniſt*, and *Paracelſian*,
Condemn the way, each other deals in.
Anatomiſts Diſſect and *Mangle*,
To cut themſelves out work to *wrangle*.

Aſtrolo-

Aſtrologers diſpute their *Dreams*:
That in their ſleeps they talk of, *Schemes*.
And *Heralds ſtickle*, who got who,
So many hundred years ago.

But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation:
Or make the buſie Rabble Judges,
Of all their ſecret Pipues, and grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.

Beſide, no *Mountebanks*, nor *Cheats*
Dare undertake to do their *Feats*,
When in all other *Sciences*,
They ſwarm, like *Inſects*, and *Increaſe*:
For what *Bigot* durſt ever draw
By *Inward Light*, *a Deed in Law*?

Or could hold forth, by *Revelation*,
An *Answer to a Declaration*?
For those that meddle with their Tools
Will Cut their Fingers, if th' are Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Reply's:
They'l write a Love-letter in *Chancery*
Shall bring her upon Oath to *Answer ye*.
And soon Reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *tricks* and *Shifts*,
To Edifie, by *Ralpho's Gifts*:
But in appearance, cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own.
(All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
Of *sinking*, when they *take a purse*)

Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him, in Diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Tranſition, fall upon
The Reſolution, as his own.

Quoth he; *This Gambol thou Adviſeſt,*
Is, *of all others, the unwiſeſt*;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing Sillier, nor Vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' Expence.
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverſe
My Suit, and Title, to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'rethrow me, as the Fidler did.

What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst loosing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And go's to Law, to be Reliev'd;
Is Sillier than a sottish Chews,
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his house;
Apply's himself to Cunning-men
To help him to his goods agen.
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more, in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by Fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as Desp'rat to recover.
For bad Games are thrown-up too soon,
Until th'are never to be won.

But ſince I have no other courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe:
He that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill,
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known,
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel *reſolves to ſue:*
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably, firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd advertiſement,
By-times enough, of his intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' advantage of the buſineſs gains.
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plaintiff, to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other nothing till he ſwear:

Is freely admitted to all grace.
And *lawful Favor by his place:*
And *for his bringing cuſtom in,*
Has all advantages to win;
I who reſolve, to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to Counſel, to Adviſe
Which way t' incounter, or ſurprize.
And *after long conſideration:*
Have *found out one to fit th' occaſion,*
Moſt apt, for what I have to do,
As *Counſellor, and Juſtice, too.*
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.

An *Old Dul Sot*; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years, at *Bridewel-Dock.*

At *Weſtminſter*, and *Hickſes-hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockius* play'd in all;
Where in all *governments*, *and times*,
H'had been both *friend*, and *fo* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring juſtice*, or maintaining:
To many a Whore *gave Priviledge*,
And whip'd, for *want of Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bawd's, to Priſon ſent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a truſty *Pimp*, and *Croney*,
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of Money.
Ingag'd the *Conſtable* to ceaſe
All thoſe, that would not break the Peace.
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes *Commoners*, *or Lords*:
And kept 'em Priſoners, of Courſe,
For being *ſober at ill hours*.

That

That in the Morning he might Free,
Or Bind 'em over, for his Fee.
Made *Monſters Fine*, and *Puppet-plays*,
For leave to practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share,
With th'*Head-burrow*, and *Scavenger*
And made the Durt ith' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground:
The *Kennel*, and *the Kings High-way*,
For being unmoleſted, Pay.
Let out *the Stocks*, and *Whipping Poſt*,
And Cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
And for *Falſe Weights* on *Chandellers*.
Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.
But was a kind and Conſtant Friend,
To all that *Regularly* offend:

As *Reſidentiary Bawds*,
And *Brokers that receive ſtoln Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Myſteries*,
And pay *Church-duties*, and *his Fees*,
But was Implacable, and Auker'd
To all that *Interlop'd, and Hawker'd*,

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counſel, in his *Law-affairs*,
And found him mounted, *in his Pew*,
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for ſhew,
Like *Neſt-eggs*, to make *Clients lay*
And for his falſe Opinion, pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Caſe,
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As the other courteouſly ſtrain'd;

And to assure him, 'twas not that,
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one *Sidrophel*
Whom I have cudgel'd —— *Very well.*
And now he brags, t' have beaten me.
Better, and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me, to a Wall
Where e're he meets me —— *best of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I rob'd him — *Well done in troth.*
When h' has confest, he stole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,
Which was the cause, that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again —— *marry hang him:*
Now whether I should, before hand
Swear he rob'd me? *I understand,*

Or bring my *Action of Converſion*
And Trover for my Goods? *Ah Whorſon.*
Or if 'tis better to Indite,
And bring him to his Trial? ——*Right*,
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him? ——*True.*
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Caſe, has the better end on't;
Who putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe th' Action? ——*better ſtill.*
Then there's a Lady too. ——*I marry*,
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary.
A Widow, who by ſolemn Vows,
Contracted, to me, for my Spouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all——*Good Lord*,
Suborn'd the aforeſaid *Sidrophel*,
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*

Who put m' into horrid fear,
Fear of my Life.—— *Make that appear.*
Made an aſſault, with Fiends and Men.
Upon my body.——*Good agen.*
And kept me in a deadly fright
And falſe Impriſonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle,—— *worſe and worſe;*
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as *Good, and Fair a Battery,*
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame,
The proudeſt Man alive to claim.
For if th' have us'd you, as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, *God give you joy,*

I would it were my Caſe, I'd give,
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe.
I would ſo trounce her, and her Purſe,
I'ld make her kneel for *bett'r or worſe*;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here;
Both go by Deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure, may *Pick and Chooſe*,
As *Croß Irwin*, and *Pile you looſe*.
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much, in *Ready Maintenance*;
As upon any Caſe I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law ſeverely *contrabands*,
Our taking buſineſs, of *Mens hands*;
'Tis *Common barratry*, that *bears*
Point blank an Action *'gainſt our Ears*
And crops them, till there is not Leather,
To ſtick a Pin in, left of either;

For

For which, ſome do the *Summer-ſault*
And ore the Bar, like *Tumblers, vault.*
But you may ſwear at any rate
Things not in Nature, *for the State:*
For in all *Courts of Juſtice* here
A Witneſs is not ſaid *to ſwear,*
But *make Oath,* that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat——)
For Juſtice, though ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide, enclin'd
Like *charity,* elſe *right, and wrong,*
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And like *blind Fortune,* with a ſlight,
Conveys Mens *Intereſt, and Right,*
From *Stile's Pocket, into Nokeſes:*
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus.*

Plays faſt, and looſe, makes *Men Obnoxious*,
And *Clear again, like Hiccius-Doctius.*
Then whether you would *take her life*,
Or but recover her *for your Wife*:
Or be content, with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters Paſs,
The Buſineſs to the Law's alone,
The Proof is all it look's upon.
And you can want no witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe:
That hardly get their meer *Expences*
By *th' Labor of their Conſciences*,
Or letting out to hire, *their Ears*,
To Affidavit-cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable values,
To *ſerve for Fury-men*, or Tales,
Although Retain'd in th' *hardeſt matters*,
Of Truſtees, and Adminiſtrators.

For

For that, *Quoth he*, let me alone,
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred-up and tutor'd, *by our Teachers*,
The Ableſt of all Conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well! Quoth he, But I ſhould Gueſs,
By weighing all Advantages.
Your ſureſt way is firſt to Pitch
On Bongey, for a *Water-witch*:
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer.
Y' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th' Intrim; Spare for *No Trepans*,
To draw her Neck, into the *Banes*:
Ply her with *Love-letters*, and *Billets*,
And Bait 'em well, for *Quirks*, and *Quillets*
With Trains t' inveagle and ſurpriſe,
Her Heedleſs *Anſwers*, and *Reply's*:
And if ſhe Miſs the *Monſtrap-Lines*,
They'l ſerve for other *by-Deſigns*:

And

And make an *Artiſt* underſtand,
To Copy out *her Seal, or Hand:*
Or find voyd Places in the *Paper*,
To ſteal in ſomething to *Intrap her.*
'Till with her worldly *Goods*, and *Body*,
Spight of heart, ſhe has indow'd ye.

Retain all ſorts of *Witneſſes*;
That Ply ith' Temples, *under trees*;
Or walk the Round, with *Knights oth' Poſts*;
About the *Croſs-leg'd Knights*, *their hoſts*;
Or wait for *Cuſtomers*, between
The *Piller-Rows* in *Lincolns-Inn.*
Where *Vouchers*, *Forgers*, *Common-bayl*,
And *Affidavit-men*, ne'r fayl
T' expoſe to Sale, all *ſorts of Oaths*,
According to *their Ears, and Cloaths.*

Their only *Neceſſary Tools*,
Beſides the *Goſpel*, and *their Souls*.
And when y' are furniſh'd with all *Purveys*
I ſhall be ready, *at your ſervice*.

I would not give, *quoth Hudibras*,
A ſtraw, to underſtand *a Caſe*,
Without the admirabler skill
To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
To *Vere*, and *Tack*, and ſtear a *Cauſe*,
Againſt the *Weather-gage of Laws*;
And Ring the Changes upon *Caſes*,
As plain, as Noſes upon Faces.
As you have well inſtructed me
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) *your Fee*,
I long to practice your advice,
And try the ſubtle Artifice:

To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

AN Heroical Epistle OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*.
Am, now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezar*:
And from as fam'd a Conquerour,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise*, in *battle*,
By you turn'd out to *Graß with Cattle*.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly happiness

Am fallen from the *Paradiſe*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*
Loſt to the World, and you, I'me ſent
To Everlaſting Baniſhment
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your Heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom, before you hear,
You'ld find, upon my juſt defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd *'tis true*;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So hainous, as you'ld have it thought,
To undergo the loſs of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,

For there's a difference in the caſe
Between the *Noble*, and the *Baſe*:
Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't.
Upon as different an account:
The one for *great, and weighty Cauſe*,
To ſalve in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Then thoſe, who are niceſt of their Honour.
The other, for *baſe Gain*, and *Pay*,
Forſwear, and *Perjure*, *by the Day*;
And make th' expoſing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Conſciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal*, nor *Aſperſion*,
Upon a *Great, and noble Perſon*,
To ſay, he Nat'rally abhor'd
Th old faſhion'd trick, to keep his Word

Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame.
For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more uſeful, to *the Great*:
Then *Gout*, or *Deafneſs*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflicts, the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *juſt*, that does exempt
The *Guilty, and puniſh the Innocent*,
To make the Ears, repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*
And when one Member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt, or torn.
And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By courſe of Law recover mine.
You're like, if you conſider right,
To Gain but little Honour by't.

For he that for his Ladies ſake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs, at *Stake*,
Does not ſo much deſerve her Favour,
As he, *that Pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But ſentence, what you rather ought
T' eſteem *good Service*, then a *Fault*.
Beſides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Senſe*, The words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the Senſe by Cuſtom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do,
Nor are th' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,

For as beſt temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So trueſt Oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking-proof.*
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In Love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conqueſt, ſo *ſhould Loves*;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt, that prevails,

For how can that which is above,
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
Submit it's great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the ſubject of a Caſe?

The *Fundamental Law of Nature,*
Be over-rul'd! by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of *its Cauſe*
To any, but it's own *Great Laws?*
Love, that's the Worlds preſervative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive?
Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate,*
And gives, *Mankind,* a longer date.
The Life of Nature, that reſtores,
As faſt and *Time,* and *Death* devours,
To whoſe free gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heav'n too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Intereſt of State in Heaven,*
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love*
To repreſent the *Joys above?*

Or who, *but Lovers, can converſe,*
Like Angels, by the Eye Diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and complement by viſion,
Make Love, and Court, by intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce,
As thoſe Celeſtial Miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend
In order, to ſo *great an end?*
Or Heav'n it ſelf a Sin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was ment?
That merits in a kind miſtake,
A Pardon for the offences ſake.
Or if it did not, but the *Cauſe*
Were left to'th injury *of Laws,*
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no ſenſe of Love, or Hate:

That

That have no Paſſion of their own
Not pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals, as ſtrict:
But to have *Power to forgive,*
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler ſem,*
To grant a Pardon, then condemn.
Then ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t' indulge a well meant fault.
For why ſhould he, who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs:
And met with nothing in return,
But Inſolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not ſtrive by Wit to counter-mine
And bravely carry his Deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love-Powder?*

And

And after *letting Blood, and Purging,*
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging?*
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd, by *Goblins,* in the Night?
Inſulted on, Revil'd, and Jear'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard?
And when your Sex was fouly ſcandal'd,
As fouly by the Rabble handled?
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows,
And after all, to be debar'd,
So much as ſtanding on his Guard?
When Horſes, being *Spur'd,* and *Prick'd,*
Have leave to *kick,* for being *kick'd?*

Or why ſhould you, whoſe *Mother Wits,*
Are furniſh'd with all Perquiſits?

That

That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nurſing Babies*, that *Lye in*?
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our *Cully-Sex*, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing, but frail vows,
Againſt your ſtratagems t' oppoſe?
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which, we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*,
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into Ambuſhes.
As *Pyrates* all falſe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women to ſurprize us, ſpread
Their *borrowed Flags, of White and Red.*
Diſplay 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, *the Picts:*

And raiſe more Devils, *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers leſs ſubtle Books.*
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intriegues*,
In *Tours, and Curls, and Perriwigs.*
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip My's Thankſ-giving-beard.*
Prepoſt'rouſly t' intice, and Gain,
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his Miſtreſs, but the more a Slave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands
Becomes a favour from her hands
Which he's oblig'd to obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.

Then when he is compel'd by her
T' Adventures, he would elſe forbear,
Who with his Honour, can withſtand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when Neceſſity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjuſt, or bad
And therefore, when the Mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *your great Allie, and yours*;
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withſtood,
By frail enamoured Fleſh, and Blood,
All I have done unjuſt, or ill,
Was in obedience to your will:
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty, and you.

Nor are thoſe Scandals I confeſt,
Againſt my Will, and Intereſt,

More than is dayly done of courſe
By all men, when th' are under force
Whence ſome, upon the Rack, confeſs
What th' *Hangman, and their Prompters pleaſe.*
But are no ſooner out of pain
Then they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleaſure,
To hear, or Pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure, went:
All Mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what *Romance* can ſhew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover.*

And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Raviſhing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne're *Forſwore* themſelves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
Nor took the pains, *t' addreſs, and ſue*,
Nor plaid the Maſquerade to wooe.
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends conſents,
Nor juggled about ſettlements:
Did need no *Licenſe*, nor no *Prieſt*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to aſſiſt;

Nor Lawyers, to *joyn Land, and Money,*
In th' *Holy State of Matrimouy:*
Before they settled Hands and Hearts:
Till *Alimony*, or *Death departs:*
Nor would indure to stay, until
Th' had got the very *Brides* good will.
But took a wife, and shorter course,
To win the Lady's, *Down-right Force.*
And justly made 'em Prisoners then
As they have often, since us Men,
With *Acting Plays* and *Dancing Jiggs,*
The Luckiest of all Loves Intrigues:
And when they had them at their Pleasure,
Then talk'd of *Love, and Flames,* at Leisure.
For after *Matrimony's* over,
He that Holds out, but *Half a Lover;*
Deserv's for ev'ry *Minute,* more
Then *half a year* of Love before:

For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt way of Application,
Proved Nobler wives, then ere were known
By *Suite*, or *treaty*, to be won:
And ſuch as all Poſterity,
Could never equal nor come nigh.

For Women firſt were made for Men,
Not Men for them.----It follows then,
That Men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuſe,
But they no Charter to refuſe:
Hence 'tis apparent, that what courſe
So e're we take, to *your Amours*,
Though by the Indirecteſt way
'Tis no *Injuſtice*, nor *Foul Play*.

And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you *for Bett'r or worſe*,
And Gratefully ſubmit to thoſe,
Who you, before another choſe:
For why ſhould every Savage Beaſt
Exceed his *Great Lord's Intereſt?*
Have freer Pow'r, then he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o're the Creature has?
Becauſe the Laws, he ſince, has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion
That Nature gave him, over Women.
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to rebel.

This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Priviledge, they would make good,
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T' encroach, on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin, they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery.
And this, ſome precious *Gifted Teachers*,
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*,
And diſobey'd in making Love
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye ſuffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault.

But, I forget my ſelf, and rove,
Beyond th' Inſtructions of my Love:
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame,
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,

Since 'tis too much, at once, to ſhow
Exceſs of Love, and temper too:
All I have ſaid, that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you*:
Who have ſo Sov'raign a controul,
O're that Poor Slave of yours, *my Soul*:
That rather then to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loſs of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r poſſeſt
To render all, that ſerve ye bleſt
But none like him, who's deſtin'd, either
To *have*, or *looſe* you, both together.
And if you'l but this fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe,)
I'le pay down all that vow, and more
Which you *commanded*, and I *ſwore*.
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arreers in full of all my Sin.

For 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay,
Th' accrewing penance, for delay,
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, peruſing *this Epiſtle*,
Believ'd, h' had brought her to *his Whiſtle*,
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great applauſe, t' himſelf, twice over,
Subſcrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble diſtance, *to his wit*:
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then ſeal'd it, with *his coat of Love*
A ſmoaking Faggot--- and above
Upon a Scrol--- *I burn, and weep*,
And near it --- *For her Ladyſhip*,

Of all her Sex, moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent.
Then gave it to his faithleſs Squire
With Leſſons, how t' obſerve, and eye her.

She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back or burn the Letter:
But gueſſing that it might import
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt, her ſport
She open'd it and read it out,
With many a ſmile, and learing flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE LADIES Answer TO THE KNIGHT.

THat you'r a *Beast*, and turn'd to *Grass*,
Is no strange News, nor ever was,
At least, to me, who once you know
Did from the Pound, *Replevin you.*
When both your *Sword, and Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' Inevitable Death of Vermine;

And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the threds of *Pigs, and Cows,*
By *Trulla*, was in *single Fight,*
Disarm'd, and wrested *from its Knight:*
Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks, Close Prisoners.
Where still th' had Layn, in base Restraint,
If I, in Pitty 'of your Complaint,
Had not on Honorable Conditions,
Releast 'em from the worst of Prisons,
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget
When being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y' had falsly broke one *Vow:*
Absolv'd, your self, by *breaking two.*

For

For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for Pardon, at our feet:
Diſcourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain, to ſue.
You claim us boldly as your due.
Declare that Treachery, and Force,
To deal with us, is th' only courſe.
Who have no Title, nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul, or Conſcience*:
But ought to fall to that Man's ſhare,
That claims us, for his proper Ware:
Theſe are the motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you uſe,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting*, and *Ranting*,
Like ſturdy Beggers, that intreat,
For *Charity*, at once, and *threat*,

But since you undertake to Prove
Your own Propriety, in Love
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but sue for, might Recover
It is not Hard to understand
The *Mystr'y* of this Bold Demand:
That cannot at our Persons aim;
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not, *Those Paultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes, you set:
But our *Right Diamonds*, that Inspire,
And set your Amo'rous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those False S. *Martins beads*
Which on our Lips, you lay *for Reds*

And

And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel, to your Scorching Flames.
But thoſe true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets, we lock.

'Tis not thoſe Orient Pearls our Teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with.
But thoſe we wear about our Necks,
Produce thoſe Amorous Effects.
Nor is't thoſe Threads of Gold, our *Hair*
The *Perewigs you make us wear*
But thoſe bright Guinneys in our Cheſts
That light the wild fire in your Breſts.
Theſe Love-tricks I've been vers't in ſo,
That all their ſly *Intrigues*, I know.
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*;
Their *Myſtique Cabals, and Jargones.*

Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties, of my Grounds:
What Raptur's Fond, and Amorous,
O'th' *Charms*, and *Graces* of my House:
What *Exstacy*, and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Money*, *in my Name*:
What from th'unnatural Desire
To *Beasts*, and Cattle, takes it's fire.
What T*ender Sigh*, and T*rickling tear*,
Longs for a T*housand Pound a year*.
And Languishing Transports, are Fond
Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill*, *and* Bond.

These are th'Attracts, which most men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withall:
To these th'Address with *Serenades*
And Court with *Balls*, and *Maskerades*

And yet, For all the yearning Pain
Y' have ſuffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'l prove ſo nice and Coy
To *have and t'Hold*, and *to Enjoy*:
That all *your Oaths*, and *labor loſt*
They'l n'ere turn *Ladys of the Poſt*.
This is not meant, to Diſapprove
Your Judgment, in your Choice of Love
Which is ſo wiſe, The greateſt Part
Of Mankind, ſtudy't as an Art,
For Love ſhould, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th'*owner of the Land*:
And where there's Subſtance, for it's Ground,
Cannot but be more Firm, and Sound,
Then that which has the ſlighter Baſis,
Of *Airey virtue, wit, and graces*:
Which is of ſuch thin Subtlety,
It Steal's, and Creep's in at the eye.

And

And as it can't indure to ſtay,
Steals out again, *as nice a way.*

But Love, that its extraction owns
From ſolid *Gold, and precious Stones*
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents prove,
As *ſolid*, and as *Glorious Love*:
Hence 'tis, you have no way, t' expreſs
Our *Charms*, and *Graces*, but by theſe:
For what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with?
With *Rubies*, *Pearls*, and *Diamonds*,
With which a *Philter Love commands?*

This is the way all Parents prove,
In managing their Childrens Love
That force 'em t' *inter-marry and wed*,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead.*

Laſt

Caſt *Earth, to Earth,* as in the *Grave,*
To Joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the ſettlement's in Force;
Take all the reſt, *For, Better or worſe;*
For Money has a Power, above,
The *Stars, and Fate;* to manage *Love:*
Whoſe Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miſs, *are Tip't with Gold.*
And though ſome ſay the Parents claims,
To make Love in their Childrens Names.
Who, many times, at once, Provide,
The *Nurſe, the Husband, and the Bride.*
Feel *Darts, and Charms, Attracts, and Flames,*
And *woo, and contract, in their Names.*
And as they *Chriſten,* uſe to marry 'em,
And, like their *Goſſips,* anſwer for 'em,
Is not to give in Matrimony,
But Sell, and *Proſtitute,* for Money,

'Tis better then their own Betrothing,
Who often do't for worse then Nothing.
And when th' are at their own Dispose;
With greater Disadvantage, choose.
All this is Right! But for the Course,
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis so Ridiculous, As soon,
As told, 'tis never to be done.
No more then *Setters can Betray*,
That tell what *Tricks* they are to Play.
Marriage, at best is but a Vow,
Which all men, either *Break*, or *Bow*,
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who *Perjure*, when they do but *Woo*?
Such as before hand, *Swear*, *and lye*,
For *Earnest* to their Treachery:
And rather then a Crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less.

Like

Like Thieves, who after ſentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to the laſt.
And when their Crimes were made appear,
As Plain as witneſſes can ſwear.
Yet when the wretches come to Dy,
Will take upon their Deaths a Ly.
Nor are the virtues, you Confeſt,
T' your *Ghoſtly Father*, as you Gueſt,
So ſlight, as to be Juſtify'd,
By being, as ſhamefully, Deny'd.
As if you thought your word would Paſs:
Poynt-blanc, on both ſides, of a Caſe,
Or Credit were not, to be loſt,
B' a *Brave Knight Errant of the Poſt.*
That *Eats*, perfidiouſly, his *Wor'd*,
And *ſwears his Ears, through a two Inch Board*,
Can own the ſame thing, and Diſown,
And Perjure booty, *Pro and Con.*

Can make the *Goſpel* ſerve his turn,
And help him out, to be forſworn.
When 'tis *lay'd hands upon, and kiſt.*
To be betray'd, and ſold, like Chriſt.

Theſe are the virtues, in whoſe name,
A Right to all the World, you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace*, and *Nature*, o're all Women.
Of whom no leſs will ſatisfie,
Then all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'l find it, a Hard Province,
With all your Crafty Frauds, and Covins,
To Govern ſuch a num'rous Crew,
Who one by one now governs you,
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wiſe* and *Great* as he was once.

You'l find Th'are able to ſubdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſlight.
For when we find y' are ſtill moſt taken,
With falſe Attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a *Roſe* and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on,
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own defences,
To *Copy Beams* and *Influences*,
To lay *Perfections* on and *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our faces:

And in compliance to your wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For by the Practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost,
For great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given:
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*,
To be perform'd, without *hard duty*.
Which when th' are nobly done and well,
The simple Natural excell.

How fair and sweet, *the Planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows?
For without Art the Noblest Seeds
Of Flow'rs, degenerate to Weeds:

How Dul and Rugged, 'ere 'tis Ground,
And Poliſh'd looks a Diamond?
Though *Paradiſe* were ere ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo, without Care.
The whole World without *Art*, and *Dreſs*,
Would be but one great *Wilderneſs*.
And Mankind but a Savage Heard,
For all that Nature has Conferd.
That do's but *Rough-hew*, and *Deſign*,
Leave *Art* to *Poliſh*, and *Refine*.

Though Women firſt were made for Men.
Yet Men were made for them agen:
For when (out *witted by his Wife*)
Man firſt turn'd *Tenant*, but, *for life*.
If Women had not Interven'd,
How ſoon had Mankind had an end?

And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are *in Debt.*
Then where's your Liberty of Choyce,
And our unnatural No-voyce?
Since all the *Priviledge* you *Boast,*
And Falsly *usurp'd,* or *vainly lost:*
Is now our Right, to *whose Creation,*
You ow your *Happy Restoration.*
And if we had not weighty Cause
To not Appear, in making Laws,
We could, in spight of all your *Tricks,*
And *shallow, Formal, Politicks;*
Force, you our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive,
T' advance your *high Prerogative.*
You basely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your selves, our Slaves.

And cauſe we do not make it known
Nor Publickly our Intreſts own
Like Sots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In *Ordring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire, and Command
You have from us, at *Second Hand.*
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſtear's:
And does not make a Noyſe, and ſtir,
Like every Common *Mariner*:
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*,
And did not Guide the *Man of war*:
Nor we, becauſe we do'nt appeare
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the Mighty *Preſter Jahn*
Whoſe Perſon, none dare's look upon:
But is Preſerv'd in *Cloſe Diſguiſe*,
From being made *cheap* to *vulgar eyes*:

W' Injoy'as large a Pow'r, unseen,
To *Govern him*, as *He do's* men.
And in the Right of our *Pope Jone*,
Make *Emp'rors*, at our Feet, fall down.
Or *Jone the Pucel's* Braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms*, and *Conduct claime*
Who, though a *Spinster*, yet was Able
To serve *France*, for a *Grand Constable*.

We make and Execute *all Laws*,
Can *Fudge the Fudges*, and the *Cause*.
Prescribe all Rules, of *Right*, or *Wrong*,
To th' *Long-Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*:
'Gain'st which the world *has no Defence*,
But our more *Pow'rful Eloquence*.
We Manage things of Greatest weight,
In all the world's *Affairs of State*.

Are Miniſters in War, and Peace,
That ſway *all Nations* how we Pleaſe,
We rule *all Churches*, and *their Flocks*,
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the *Heavenly vehicles*,
O' th' *Spirit, in all conventicles.*
By us is all *Commerce*, and *Trade*,
Improv'd, and *Manag'd*, and *Decay'd.*
For nothing can go of, ſo well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we Sell.*
We Rule in ev'ry *Publique Meeting*,
And make Men do, what we Judge Fitting
Are Magiſtrates, in all great *Towns*,
Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns.*
We make the *Man of War ſtrike Sail*,
And to our Braver Conduct *vail.*
And, when H' ha's chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us, upon his Knees.

Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely Raiſ'd; or *Magiſtrate*,
That's *Haughty, and Imperious?*
He's but a *Forny-man* to us.
That as he gives us Cauſe to Do't,
Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out*.

We are your *Guardians*, that *increaſe*,
Or *waſt* your Fortunes, how we Pleaſe.
And as you Humour us, can Deal,
In all your Matters, *ill or well*.

Tis wee, that can Diſpoſe alone,
Whether your *Heirs* ſhall be your *own*,
To whoſe Integrity, you muſt.
In ſpight of all your Caution, truſt.
And 'leſs you *Fly beyond the Seas*:
Can fit you with what Heirs we Pleaſe.

And force you t'own 'em; Though Begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Iriſh Footmen.*
Nor can the Rigorouſeſt Courſe,
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe.
Who ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are Further off from being Reduc'd:
And ſcorn t'Abate, for any Ills,
The leaſt *Puntillio of our Wills.*
Force do's but whet our wits to Apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your Politicks as yet,
Have ne're been Able to Defeat:
For when y'have Try'd *all ſorts of ways*
What Fools D'we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favors we Afford.
Are but to Girt you with the Sword,
To Fight our Battels, in our ſteads
And have your Brains, beat out o' your Heads

Incounter

Incounter in despite of Nature,
And fight at once, with Fire, and Water;
With Pyrats, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas;
Our Pride, and vanity t' appease.
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our Good Graces, and best Thoughts,
To do your Exercise for Honor
And have your Brains beat out, the sooner;
Or crackt, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known,
And still appear the more Industrious
The more your Projects, are Prepostrous.
To Square the Circle of the Arts,
And Run stark-mad, to shew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn 'em, which way, we see Cause,
To be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And stand for us, in all Ingagements.

And theſe are all the *Mighty Powers*,
You vainly Boaſt, to cry down ours
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and Ranting:
Becauſe your ſelves are Terrifyd,
And Stoop to one anothers Pride:
Believe we have as little Wit,
To be *Out-Hector'd*, and *Submit*:
By your *Example* Looſe that Right,
In *Treatys*, which we Gain'd *in Fight*.
And Terrify'd into an Awe,
Paſs on our ſelves a *Salique Law*:
Or, as ſome Nations uſe, Give Place,
And Truckle, to *your Mighty* Race:
Let Men uſurp Th' unjuſt Dominion,
As if they were *the Better Women*.

FINIS.